

## How Bratty and Catty Stole America's Presidential System

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## How Bratty and Catty Stole America's Presidential System

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

In this simply ingenious and often utterly hilarious political fanfiction satire of epic proportions that is pretty much literally Undertale meets How The Grinch Stole Christmas meets Hillary Clinton VS Donald Trump meets Drawn Together, Alphys decides she's officially gotten sick of the Underground's corrupt monarchy system and therefore additionally decides to team up with Undyne so that the two of them can fraudulently work together toward a common goal of changing their land's system of politics into a presidency...

with said presidency's very first election being based off of the absolute WORST presidential election campaign in all of recorded USA history. I mean, seriously, what could POSSIBLY go wrong with such an absolutely brilliant plan as this?



# Chapter 1

## HOW BRATTY AND CATTY STOLE AMERICA'S PRESIDENTIAL SYSTEM

It was yet another perfectly regular, uneventful and extremely boring morning in the Underground, and all of the nation's resident monsters were busy going about their typical mundane lives while the local insanely corrupt monarchy system of government kept them safe and sound.

Down in the blisteringly cold, thickly forested and densely hill-topped region of Snowdin to the west, all of the young monsters were playing various snow-related games with each other outdoors and uttering high-pitched screams and shouts of laughter galore while the old ones sat hunchbackedly at their desks indoors and busied themselves with filing ludicrously excessive tax returns to their beloved, onmipotently worshipped and praised king Asgore.

Up a bit higher in the aptly named wetland region known as Waterfall, somewhere in the middle of the Underground, legendary anthropomorphic fish warrior Meenah, I mean Undyne was busy searching far and wide for potential psychotically murderous human intruders to the kingdom by scanning her one remaining good eye over each and every single thing she came across at obsessively great length, with her spear held high and her muscles trained far beyond any conceivable human limit of strength.

And up a bit higher still, in the scorching-hot, more-than-likely-going-to-be-completely-flooded-with-searing-lava-in-the-not-too-distant-future volcanic outpost of Hotland in the east...the bespectacled, anime-obsessed Alphys was sitting dumbfoundedly at her computer, watching Undyne do the exact same thing over and over and over and over and OVER again and forcefully smashing herself over the head with a flower-patterned, hot-pink and jewel-studded baseball bat in frustration.

Needless to say, almost everyone in the Underground (particularly Snowdin) absolutely ADORED its borderline dictatorship of a political system despite all of the absolutely excruciating shebang that it obnoxiously forced all of them to have to go through on a daily basis; yes, even despite the fact that the events of the recent wars had very clearly reduced their king into a dangerously psychotic, human-hating, child-murdering and rather deceptively adorable lop-eared racist.

However, the aforementioned mad-but-not-quite scientist Alphys (who lived just a few miles east of Snowdin) did NOT! In fact, the mere thought of it made her adorably weak little stomach twist and turn itself into only the most agonizingly cramped-up and tangled of knots.

The sickeningly adorable weeaboo lizard waifu HATED monarchy! The whole monarchy concept! And don't even bother to ask any non-skeletal person in Snowdin why; none of those brainwashed fools would know what proper modern government was if it tied them into a chair with a laptop and forced them to write the entire Undertale fandom's worth of Dreemurr family and skeleton trio incest.

If you had to ask an intelligent and well-versed member of human society such as myself (not to brag or anything...trust me) about the issue, I would have to say that Alphys' begrudgingly bitter hatred of her own government system was simply a matter of the blind many leading the insightful and enlightened few.

Getting (at least) somewhat back into character for a children's book for once, however, I would probably have to say something more along the lines of "perhaps it was the fact that none of the hideously fish-patterned socks that Undyne had bought her for her birthday came even close to

fitting the sheer size of her drool-inducingly gorgeous feet, making her one of the world's biggest and most boner-inducingly obvious targets for Quentin Tarantino's all over the world" or "perhaps it was just the fact that she had stuffed her already large brain several sizes too big with anime porn and had agonizingly painful headaches every single day as a result."

Whatever the matter was, however, her disgustingly dirty mind or the fact that she had been making most of her recent living off of people literally paying her entire dollars' worth of solid gold per pop just to fraudulently coax her into openly letting them nastily slobber and drool all over her smooth, scaly soles like rabid dogs in the middle of summer and lick and suck her pricelessly dainty and precious little nerd toes like Tootsie Pops (which, of course, was LITERALLY what she referred to them as) in place of her beloved girlfriend Undyne...

...the point still remained exactly (in fact, probably more than a little bit redundantly) the same; Alphys absolutely DESPISED the hopelessly lost and outmatched feeling that she got from being one of the few Underground citizens smart enough to actually AVOID leaping right onto the Dreemurr king's staggeringly, disproportionately gargantuan monarchical hype train.

Alphys knew she had to tell someone about this, but WHO? That was the real question here; WHO would actually have enough rational sense left in them to strike a proper, full-fledged political conversation with Alphys and not just be a total useless piece of dried-up snail poo?

"Hmm, let's see here..." Alphys thought curiously to herself as she leaned back in her chair, crossed her legs neatly atop the desk, wiggled her toes at the readers with a seductive eyebrow-raising glare, cracked open a can of beer with one hand and pulled out the cell phone from her labcoat pocket with the other.

"Undyne? Hell no, she would literally bite the freaking head right off of the Lincoln Memorial and stomp it into a million pieces if she had the chance..." Alphys sighed dejectedly, taking the first complimentary sip of her beer as she flipped open her cell phone, dialed her way into its automated phone-book menu and crossed Undyne's name off the list, partially out of sheer infuriating jealousy of the fact that, unlike her, her girlfriend actually had (a rather bitching pair of) pants.

"Sans and Toriel? Nah, I'm really not in the mood to deal with their stupid wordplay shenanigans..." Alphys rolled her eyes and groaned retroactively as she drank the second sip (on other words, the second half) of her beer can and tossed it into her deskside trash bin.

Meanwhile at the local Snowdin ski resort, Sans and Toriel were having themselves a wonderful time together at the ice-skating rink while Alphys just sat miserably in her dusty, cloyingly anime-plastered old laboratory building, sweating her ever-loving ass off as she desperately struggled to find someone suitable with whom to politically consort.

"Hey, Toriel, how would you describe your former royalty marriage relationship with lord Asgore?" Sans asked Toriel with an inquisitive wink as the two of them twirled and danced together atop the ice like ballerinas while Alphys began to suddenly realize, in a fit of tragic desperation, what sort of degenerately rebellious scamps she had really been looking for.

"Let me guess; our hearts are currently twirling about on a precariously thin sheet of ice?" Toriel rolled her eyes and asked Sans with a profoundly exhausted note of sarcasm in her voice.

"Wait a minute...thin sheet of ice...OH MY GOD, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THIS ENTIRE NATION'S POLITICAL STATUS WILL SHORTLY THEREAFTER BE RESTING UPON IF AND WHEN BRATTY AND CATTY BECOME THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES!" Alphys gasped excitedly, having a sudden eureka lightbulb moment as she frantically dialed Bratty's and Catty's number (which she somehow had memorized by heart, suspiciously enough) on

her cell phone's keypad and immediately hit the Call button, concentrating deeply and gathering all of her wits.

"Wow, my, like, phone's, like, ringing like crazy and, like, stuff!" Bratty giggled excitedly as she reached into her diamond-studded purse (that she found in the garbage, since the two of them just so happened to be a nice big pair of worthless lesbian bums that lived eerily closely together in the back alley of Mettaton's fabulous hotel resort) and pulled out her rusty old cell phone while Catty reached into her own tattered leather purse and pulled out her iPad mini, immediately going straight into the Twitter and Tumblr apps and making dead-sure to tell literally every single person in existence about the conversation just to make matters even worse.

"Wow, it doesn't normally, like, do that! Are you SURE it's not, like, malfunctioning from chronic, like, overexposure to radioactive, like, chemicals and the like?" Catty playfully teased her more-than-heavily implied best girlfriend forever, suddenly noticing that Bratty's cell phone had literally infinite battery life.

"Um...h-hi! I'm Alphys, how do you do?" Alphys reluctantly and more-than-a-little nervously greeted the fittingly named alleycat-and-alleygator combination, biting her nails and glancing back and forth frantically to make sure that no one was secretly eavesdropping on the conversation.

"Oh, let me, like, tell you; we are doing, like, absolutely FANTASTIC!" Bratty laughed while her quite meaningfully named girlfriend groveled pathetically beneath her in a simply astonishing display of unwavering servitude to her master and licked her beautiful alligator feet spotlessly clean...or at least as clean as poorly-brushed mouth saliva could make something, that is.

"Hell yeah, sister, you sure got THAT right!" Catty laughed, high-fiving Bratty and snatching the phone out from her hands while Bratty groveled pathetically beneath her and licked her adorable cat feet with her long, moist, smegma-dripping and ever-so-dextrous tongue that gleamed in the light.

"So, like, tell me and stuff: what exactly were you calling us to ASK about, may we politely ask?" Catty cocked an eyebrow suspiciously and asked Alphys while Bratty promptly switched over to Twitter/Tumblr recording duty, all while their former stepsister Alphys casually strolled over to the fridge and guzzled down a full pint of alcoholic potion straight from her favorite scientific flask.

"I wanna make proud and respectable MEN out of you (BURRRRP) scrawny little weasels, ya hear? Wanna make you SQUEAL like little piggies no more, you know what I'm saying?" Alphys slurred drunkenly into her cell phone, stumbling lightheadedly and dizzily back and forth and clutching her forehead in pain.

"Okay, first of all, YES, I know what you're saying, and it sounds creepy as HELL! I'm warning you for your own safety; you'd better back RIGHT off, miss!" Catty scolded Alphys angrily while Bratty got back up onto her feet and recieved a complimentary ten-dollar bill straight out of Catty's left hip pocket for her loving and caring girlfriend foot services.

"Oh, and second of all, you know for a fact that we are both freaking women, Jesus CHRIST!" Bratty snatched her phone right out of Catty's (equally) filthy and unwashed paws while Alphys began not-so-secretly formulating an ingenious plan for the Underground's first, finest and foremost political heist.

"Oh, I believe Undyne would beg you little (hiccup) brats to DIFFER!" Alphys laughed groggily she hung up the phone and called Undyne so that she could run over to the MTT Resort way up on the top floor of Hotland, pick up Bratty and Catty (yes, with literally nothing but her own sheer physical strength, no less) and carry them all the way back down to the bottom floor where Alphys'

lab resided.

"Yo, what do you need, liz-buddy? If nothing else, I sincerely promise to at least give it my absolute ALL!" Undyne asked Alphys eagerly over the phone, leaping right up off of her living-room couch, slamming the power button on the TV remote forcefully with her fist to shut the device off, and finally bolting straight up the staircase into her bedroom on the second floor of her ominously angry-fish-shaped house over in the (otherwise) calm and peaceful Waterfall.

"Undyne, head directly for the (BURRRRRRP) back alley at MTT Resort, grab Bratty and Catty and bring them straight down the (hiccup) Hotland elevator into my lab. We've got some very (hiccup) serious business to do with them; VERY serious (hiccup) business, in fact, so I would VERY strongly (hiccup) recommend that you immediately (hiccup) stop whatever the hell it is that you're doing right now and get the (hiccup) hell over here ASAP!" Alphys urgently commanded Undyne, throwing up all over the tiled floor of her lab and already beginning to feel like she needed to doze off and take a nice long hangover nap.

"Alright, I'm coming, you hear me? You and your lazy ass just wait right there as patiently as your pathetically tortured soul can possibly muster until I arrive, which should be literally just a minute or two later!" Undyne laughed heartily as she hung up the phone, took the local ferryboat right over into Hotland, and hit the very topmost floor button on the nearest elevator.

ABOUT HALF A MINUTE LATER...

"Wow, Alphys, would you look at what the FISH dragged in!" Undyne laughed heartily as she lifted Bratty and Catty straight up into the air; sure enough, she was holding one of them in each of her ridiculously, disproportionately strong arms, both of which barely even had a hint of actual legit muscle and/or hair, save for precisely one "I LOVE ALPHYS" tattoo on each of her forearms.

"Um...Alphys? ALPHYS? Oh my god, what's HAPPENED to you?!" Undyne screamed in fright as she forcefully threw Bratty and Catty right down onto the ground and ran over to the piss-puddle spot on the floor, which presumably enough was precisely where Alphys' almost-but-not-quite dead body was lying on the floor with its face pressed firmly into a nice big puddle of its own vomit like a drunken whore.

"Sheesh, calm down, Undyne, I'm FINE!" Alphys sighed with mild annoyance as she lightly shoved Undyne off of her and sprung right back up onto her feet while everyone stared awkwardly at her as if her entire face was thoroughly soaked in thickly polluted brine.

"So, uhh...how do I LOOK, guys?" Alphys awkwardly drummed her fingers together and asked her highly undesired new audience as her own soupy, powdery, bright-orange and ever-so-noodly vomit began dripping from her right (adorably chubby and embarrassedly blushing) cheek while Bratty and Catty disgustedly covered each other's deeply appalled and violated eyes.

"Wow, Alphys, YOU look...like a complete Snowdrake!" Undyne chuckled smugly at Alphys, patting her forcefully on the back, kneeling down onto the floor and hugging her gently while Bratty and Catty stuck out their tongues and made a profoundly strong bodily and facial expression of YICK (read: absolute disgust) at her, to which Alphys responded by angrily hissing like a snake.

"Oh yeah, you're real, like, SCARY, tough girl! Why don't you, like, come on over and, like, say that to our frickin' FACES?" Bratty and Catty both snarkily and cockily placed their hands on their hips and jeered at Alphys in unison, provoking her into pouncing furiously onto the both of them and viciously mauling their ever-loving faces off until there was literally nothing left to look at except bone.

## QUITE A BIT OF FACE-RESTORING PLASTIC SURGERY LATER...

"Alright, fellas; now that we've finally gotten THAT stupid fiasco out of the way..." Undyne sighed with more than a mild tinge of annoyance in her voice, crossing her arms over her chest and glaring angrily at Alphys, who smugly shrugged her shoulders and awkwardly grinned at her in response, "...I'd say it's about time we start training you two in the art of showing our country the way!"

"Um...pardon my asking, but the wait to WHAT, exactly?" Bratty raised her hand and jutted in nervously. "Oh, for the love of God, please don't tell me that you two maniacs are SERIOUSLY-"

"Oh, you'd better believe it, bitches!" Alphys and Undyne laughed uproariously as the two of them suddenly bolted off entirely without warning, briefly taking the escalator upstairs and grabbing a bunch of stereotypically presidential clothing (and fake hair) from Alphys' wardrobe cabinet while Bratty and Catty just stood right where they were, desperately wishing deep down inside that the rest of their day could have just simply gone the same way as their morning.

"Why, you may ask? Because we've got just the stage props...er, we mean TOTALLY-NOT-STOLEN PRESIDENTIAL CLOTHING ARTIFACTS to prove it!" Alphys and Undyne chuckled smugly with cheesy wigs and tie-bearing square-shouldered suits in hand as they came right back down the other escalator onto the first floor and eagerly dragged Bratty and Catty into Alphys' infamous "bathroom" elevator so that the four of them could use it as a dressing room (sadly not a suitable place to take a shit).

"Oh, wow...you two are so lucky getting to see us this way..oh, lord, what are you doing? Hey, back off, we're already in a relationship with each other...WHOA...mmm...actually, on second thought, this feels surprisingly nice and relaxing...OH...OHHH...OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."

## TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

"Oh, come on, we TOTALLY didn't rape them, we SWEAR! I mean seriously, does Undyne LOOK like a freaking lesbian to you?!" Alphys angrily ranted at Asgore, who was currently busy marching lividly across the final corridor of his legendary New Home castle into his royal throne room, with Alphys and Undyne clutched tightly by the shirt collars in one massive hand and Bratty and Catty clutched even more tightly by the shirt collars in his other equally massive hand; he was unbelievably furious at both duos (as romantic couples gratuitously cheating on each other was well-known to be EXTREMELY illegal and immensely frowned upon in Underground society for very obvious reasons), and as you could probably imagine, his face was adorned with just the type of ice-cold, tooth-gritting and evilly glaring expression to spell certain doom.

"Oh lord, we are so unbelievably DEAD right now..." Alphys, Undyne, Bratty and Catty alike all thought to themselves in unified primal terror as Asgore finally set them down on the thickly flower-padded floor, placed his hands on his hips and stared them all the way down to the ever-loving bone marrow as they trembled and quivered their knees like wet soggy noodles admiring themselves in a mirror.

## HBACSAPS Part 2

### HBACSAPS: Part 2

"So tell me, children: is there anything you would like to say before I literally spank your sorry little rear ends right off like the bulbous, bloated shit-spewers that they are and always have been? Any famous last words, so to speak, before I literally hang your stupid asses up on my wall?" Asgore pulled out his trident (for no apparent reason other than to make himself look as badass as possible) and reluctantly threatened Alphys, Undyne, Bratty and Catty in a laughably weak and pathetically forced attempt to scare them despite the fact that he clearly had absolutely nothing of the sort hung up on any of his walls and was actually a really nice guy at heart despite being so intimidatingly massive, muscular and tall.

"You can seriously KISS my ass if you really think we're going to fall for THAT ludicrously obvious fakery, you great big wuss!" Bratty laughed smarmily as she turned around, bent over, pulled her pants and underwear down and showed off her lovely Nicki Minaj ass to Assgore, smacking it teasingly with one hand and using the other hand to lovingly finger her own puss.

"Yeah, mine too, you ridiculously soft-hearted freaking WIMP!" Catty giggled in response as she systematically did the exact same thing as Bratty just as always, stroking her lovely and ladylike black hair with her fingers and fluttering her eyelashes at him.

"Don't forget US, dreamboat!" Alphys and Undyne giggled and blushed embarrassedly with oh-so-degradingly-teasing expressions on their smarmily glaring faces as they themselves proceeded to just-as-mockingly show off their lovely rump-roast beasts to Asgore, causing a frightfully large bump to suddenly begin protruding from the crotch area of his massive, handsomely draped overcoat.

"Here, let me handle that for you, good sir!" Alphys laughed excitedly, smacking her lips as she immediately seized the opportunity to charge straight at her formerly beloved ex-boyfriend and sneakily slip underneath his overcoat like a pair of conveniently concealing curtains to deliver the coup-dé-grace.

"Oh sweet lord-worshipping heavens, you really do freaking SUCK like no one else I've ever met...in fact, I do believe that I'm literally going to pass out within the next ten seconds if you keep this up at this rate...Alphys, in the name of my beloved, treasured kingdom and all who inhabit it, PLEASE keep going...yeah, keep going, keep going, keep GOHHHHHHH!" Asgore panted, moaned and murred ecstatically at the tops of his lungs with udder delight, slipping into unconsciousness and exhaustedly fainting head-over-heels onto the floor from sheer overstimulation (and surprisingly not leaving a disgustingly gigantic dripping stain in his clothing) as Alphys nonchalantly pulled his saggy pants and underwear back up, put her hands triumphantly on her wholesomely plump and elegantly sculpted hips, glared teasingly at her friends and playfully licked the gooey white...AHM...salivations off of her more-than-suspiciously wet and soggy lips, proving once and for all that beneath her adorably shy and dorky exterior, she actually was in fact, by far, the Underground's absolute biggest (and hottest) hoe.

"Come on, let's go someplace else for job training; this place freaking BLOWS!" Alphys snickered embarrassedly with an immense blush on her face as she and her friends (all of whom were now laughing uproariously, with tears of pure unadulterated joy streaming right down their faces) locked hands together with each other and merrily skipped right out of the throne room like a group of incredibly gay British men having the absolute happiest day of their entire stinking lives.



"Alright, so, like, tell us: how do we, like, look?" Bratty asked Alphys and Undyne as the four of them released their hands from each other's grip and slowly but surely made their way out of the castle and found a conveniently placed elevator-back-to-the-beginning of the area, which they of course took.

"Like Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump, only even UGLIER and more annoying somehow! Boy, teaching YOU guys how to run a country oughta be REAL freaking fun!" Undyne laughed snarkily at the rather admittedly tackily suited-and-tied Bratty and Catty, the former of which was wearing a Donald Trump wig while the latter was wearing a Hillary Clinton one.

"Hey, it's not OUR fault we wear mismatched clothing and tacky jewelry that we found in the garbage and act like shallow, rotten assholes toward just about everyone we MEET, you know!" Catty ranted sarcastically at Alphys, blowing her rancid morning breath into the poor girl's face and causing her nose to crinkle up and violently bleed with sensory-abuse-induced woe.

"Well, I'd say it's about time we put that phase of your lives BEHIND you for good and move on to the exciting new political frontiers of presidency!" Alphys patted Catty and Bratty on the backs and chuckled merrily as the four of them walked out the elevator, hopping and skipping their way back into the Core (and its elevator, which they immediately took straight back down to the Core's entrance lobby) with glee.

"Yeah, but first, we need to, like, redo my makeup and stuff! I think I, like, chipped my TOENAILS or something!" Bratty obnoxiously whined and complained while she and Catty sat down on the floor of the elevator so that the latter could provide pedicure treatment while Alphys and Undyne irritatedly tapped their feet on the ground and waited for the two of them to finish, blissfully unaware all the while of the recent reawakening of their prideful-to-a-fault king.

"Um, Alphys? Could you perhaps help me clean Bratty's feet for a minute or two? With your tongue, preferably?" Catty briefly refrained from licking and slobbering all over Bratty's feet and completely coating them in her absolutely disgusting cat cooties while Bratty pulled out her suddenly loudly ringing phone from the surprisingly tight and firm crevice in between her boobies.

"Oh, like, hey there, dreamboat, how's it going?" Bratty flipped open her cell phone and asked Asgore smarmily, flickering her tongue like a snake while Alphys and Catty licked and sucked her lovely alligator feet down below and got their salivatory (and erectile) juices epically flowing.

"Listen, you rebellious little PUNKS; do you even REALIZE the true extent of what you're doing right now?" Asgore growled lividly at Bratty over the phone, narrowly resisting the overpowering urge to call her girlfriend something along the lines of a filthy, morbidly obese and unwashed American cow.

"Uh...well, I suppose you could say I'm getting my feet worshipped by a pair of crazy-ass dykes with no standards, so I guess there's THAT..." Bratty sighed and shrugged her shoulders while Alphys and Catty suddenly had an idea...a horrible, wonderful, AWFUL idea at that!

"No, Bratty, I meant as in the fact that you're ostensibly planning to overthrow the entire freaking GOVERNMENT system and turn it into a filthy American PRESIDENCY! Oh, and also the fact that I'M currently getting my OWN royal pedicure treatment from my adorably loyal and almost-impossibly-gay servants, so I'm afraid you can just SUCK it! My toes, that is, you dirty cheap whore!" Asgore facepalmed, sighed and laughed wholeheartedly while said servants (Royal Guards 1 and 2, of course) licked his massive, teasingly outstretched feet until they couldn't lick no more.

"Yo, BRO! We should, like, pour vanilla ice cream and chocolate syrup all over this guy's feet and

give ourselves sugar-coated footjobs with them! Wouldn't that be SWEET, man?" Royal Guard 1 asked Royal Guard 2 excitedly as the two of them moaned and panted with pleasure, making sure (through ridiculously close inspection, in fact) that every last crevice, nook and cranny of Asgore's beautiful feet was spic-and-span.

"Yeah...you know what would be even BETTER, dude? If he, like, stripped himself into the NUDE!" Royal Guard 2 moaned and drooled with delight at the mere thought of something so adorably lewd.

"Already got you covered, boys! Now don't forget to pay your TOLLS!" Asgore sighed embarrassedly, feeling immensely grateful that there was no one else occupying the throne room at the moment as he stripped himself completely naked, summoned ice-cold vanilla frosting and chocolate syrup out of thin air and promptly began pouring them all over his majestic soles.

"Okeh-heh-heh-heh, I thi-hi-hi-hink that's just about enu-hu-hu-huff of THAT pho-ho-ho-hone call for one deh-heh-heh-hay! Oh, NO-HO-HO-HOES!" Bratty laughed and cried hysterically as Alphys and Catty teased all over her precious little feet with their sharp, claw-like fingernails, scritchng into her arches, up and down the entire surface area of her soles, up over the balls of her feet and even into the delicately sensitive little gaps in between her scaly little toes.

"Alright, so...I take it that this is apparently only the first of many incredibly forced job-training activities to come?" Undyne asked Alphys smugly, putting her hands on her hips in a remarkably "I told you so" type of manner as her friends sprung right back up onto their feet and charged straight out the elevator and across the Core's entrance bridge into MTT Resort so that they, at long last, would finally be able to officially begin the outrageous fun!

"I take it that's a YES..." Undyne groaned somewhat irritatedly for reasons that she evidently lacked the proper brainpower to fully understand as she followed her friends over into Burgerpants' restaurant in the main lobby of MTT Resort so that she could lend a soggy web-fingered hand.

"What do you freaking WANT from me, you disgusting little freaks?! For god's sake, guys, I've already TOLD you on I-don't-even-freaking-KNOW-how-many stinking occasions by now that I don't freaking LIKE having creepy-ass social misfits like you populating my otherwise relatively NORMAL restaurant!" Burgerpants nervously and somewhat annoyedly stammered at his new customers (the first ones he'd gotten that day, to be exact), drumming his fingers on the cash-register countertop and contorting his face into a truly remarkable number of incredibly bizarre and grotesquely disturbing facial expressions that he more-than-likely learned from looking at way too much of the rejected concept art for Ren & Stimpy; seriously, even if he had tried, he literally could not have possibly looked any more hopelessly scrawny and gaunt.

"NORMAL?! For Christ's sake, you have, like, freaking STEAK IN THE, LIKE, SHAPE OF METTATON'S FACE on your menu!" Bratty slapped him across the face and yelled at him in frustration.

"Oh, and did we forget to mention the hamburgers made of, like, SEQUINS AND FREAKING GLUE?!" Catty roared lividly at him, slamming her palms forcefully onto the countertop and losing what little was already remaining of her former forgiveness and patience.

"Well, how much more freaking NORMAL can you even possibly GET in a fracked-up place like this joint?!" Burgerpants snapped furiously at Bratty and Catty, gesturing angrily and panickedly at them with his hands. "I mean, seriously, just LOOK at this goddamned place; there's a secretary with a freaking HAND for a head at the reservation booth, one of the many horrifically failed test subjects of Alphys' Temmie-cloning experiments futzing about in the lobby, not to mention a pissing statue of a freaking ROBOT, and if you go and look in the hallway, you'll find that we've

even got a fricking PERPETUALLY HALF-MELTED janitor who spends literally his entire goddamned work shifts mopping LIQUID PIECES OF HIS OWN BLASTED FACE off of the floor, just to even FURTHER prove my already-obvious POINT!"

"GAH...I swear to Christ, practically NO one around here has ANY sort of respectable human empathy for what I have to freaking go through every single day...just...no one freaking GETS it...no one UNDERSTANDS..." Burgerpants buried his head in his hands and sobbed deeply in personal shame while Catty whipped out her iPad Mini from her frightfully large purse and immediately began posting his tragic existential crisis to Tumblr, where it was all just a big stupid game.

"Alright, so...Bratty and Catty, your job here, so to speak, is to engage in a proper and respectable female-to-male conversation that ISN'T hopelessly shallow and birdbrained!" Alphys reluctantly and nervously commanded her new students, knowing just as well as anyone that they were both horribly untrained.

"Boy, THAT sure is going to be a hell of a lot easier said than done!" Undyne snarkily muttered under her breath and rolled her eyes while Bratty and Catty glared and hissed evilly at her in response.

"Alright, alright, alright, LOOK, guys; if there's something you REALLY need to talk to me at length about, which I personally can't even imagine what that would be even WITH you two wearing those ridiculously tacky navy uniforms, feel free to discuss it with me at one of the tables whenever duty calls!" Burgerpants welcomingly informed the girls as they each swallowed their pride one after the other and reluctantly followed him to a nearby 1950s-style lunch table that was firmly situated up against one of the walls.

"Alright, look, former boyfriend, of which I clearly have far too many for my own good..." Alphys placed her elbow on the table, propped her boredly leaning head up against her hand and groaned regretfully as his not-quite-so-beloved-anymore cat waifu slinked handsomely across the room, got everyone their own sugar-laden cups of fountain-drink soda, then finally slinked his way back to the table and depressedly nodded his head to show that he understood.

"...we've got a really serious political issue to deal with right now, and trust me, it is totally NOT a parody of the Hillary/Trump election that occurred last year, I PROMISE!" Alphys put her hands in prayer position and desperately begged Burgerpants to believe her with all of her (oftentimes seemingly nonexistent) heart.

"Uh-huh, whatever you say, miss..." Burgerpants smugly retorted with a biting sarcasmic sip of his soda while Bratty and Catty just shrugged their shoulders, yanked their collars nervously and made comically weak attempts to cover their painfully obvious Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump wigs with their hands, almost as if they somehow WEREN'T beautiful works of fine parodic art.

"DAMN, Burgerpants, this soda right here is some serious GOURMET shit!" Undyne generously complimented Burgerpants for the simply astonishing quality of his carbonated water with ludicrous amounts of sugar added into it, finishing her sip with an obnoxiously loud AHHHHH noise.

"Knock it the hell off, Undyne; seriously, you tell me that almost EVERY single freaking time you come to this goddamned restaurant for fuck's sake! Seriously, for crying out freaking loud, QUIT IT!" Burgerpants clutched and growled frustratedly at Undyne, as this was exactly what Burgerpants absolutely hated and despised about being around her; she was just so damned loud! ALWAYS with the noise! Always with the constant, neverending NOISE, NOISE, NOISE!

(However, she was actually being relatively calm and subdued this time, so Burgerpants quickly got over it...only to then immediately bombard all four of the girls with an annoyingly long and drawn-out lecturing monologue.)

"Look, I don't need you to tell me how freaking good my soda is, okay? I'm the one who LIVES(!) off of it; I already know very well how good it is without even needing to flaunt." Burgerpants (mostly) nonchalantly explained, jittering hyperactively in his seat while all four of his fellow customers glared worryingly at him.

"But you wanna know what's REALLY(!) on my mind right now? It ain't the soda in the fountain; it's the dead MEMES(!) in my restaurant." Burgerpants explained hypocritically to his audience.

"Okay, look, pal, we don't mean to be rude or anything, but this isn't exactly the type of conversation we had in mind-" Bratty began before Burgerpants reflexively snapped her massive crocodile mouth shut with his hands and continued explaining his irritating plight.

"Alright, just PLEASE(!) shut up for a second and answer this borderline INSULTINGLY(!) simple question on my behalf: when you opened that big glass door and walked into this joint, did you happen to notice a poster on the front WINDOW(!) that said Dead Meme Storage?" Burgerpants asked his incredibly confused guests inquisitively, grabbing his Marlboro cigarette right off the table with his left foot and lighting it with his other foot as he then proceeded to blow a gigantic puff of smoke right into Bratty's, Catty's and Undyne's faces, causing all three of them to cough and sneeze violently while he just rubbed and lathered peach-scented lotion all over his feet and teasingly wiggled his seductive feline toes at them with delight.

"Oh, I dunno, are you actually Quentin Tarantino in disguise?" Alphys nudged him sharply with her elbow sarcastically bit back at him while he just leaned back in his seat, crossed his legs up over the table and chuckled snarkily to himself while the three girls at the other end of the table began worshipping his lovely masculine feet like the second coming of actual burgers and french fries.

"Alright, anee-hee-hee-hee-way, that's beside the poy-hoy-hoynt! Now let me ask you buncha dirty nasty sluts again; did YOU notice a SIGN on the front of my RESTAURANT that said DEAD MEME STORAGE?" Burgerpants giggled ticklishly from the girls' playful licking of his feet and continued.

"Uh, like, NO?" Bratty and Catty briefly refrained from sucking Burgerpants' delightfully long and slender toes like lollipops and sighed embarrassedly as he forcefully pressed his soles against their faces in a fashion that was both incredibly arousing to them and obscenely rude.

"Well, you wanna know WHY you didn't see that sign?" Burgerpants asked the girls eagerly, tightly pinching Bratty's and Catty's noses in between his big and index toes and causing the two of them to lovingly, nasally, adorably, obnoxiously high-pitchedly moan and squeak.

"Cause it ain't THERE, cause STORING dead MEMES ain't my FUCKING BUSINESS, that's why!" Burgerpants ranted furiously at Bratty and Catty, pointing his middle finger condemningly at the two of them...only to find that the two of them were no longer servicing his gorgeous feet!

"Hey, WHAT'S the big idea here?" Burgerpants growled angrily, suddenly developing an uncomfortably massive boner in his pants as he glanced over to the side of him and saw Bratty and Catty licking and massaging Alphys' equally gorgeous lizard tootsies like there was no tomorrow.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I break your concentration?" Alphys snarkily bit back at him, sticking out her tongue (which was already dripping with Bratty's and Catty's foot sweat) at him as teasingly as

could be as she opened up her labcoat and revealed her VERY uncomfortably attractive body to him, hot-pink Mew Mew Kissy Cutie bikini and panties (and glasses) and all; needless to say, Burgerpants was already panting like a hungry dog and bleeding a pretty good amount from his nose.

"Alright, so...anyway, from the looks of things, I'm seriously starting to think we, as film-makers, could actually very legitimately have the next Uma Thurman on our feet, I mean hands here!" Burgerpants nervously explained, tugging on his collar in helpless terror as Alphys shooed her pathetic, disgusting foot slaves away like the filthy, unwashed little vermin that they were and glared at him in literally THE most soul-piercingly teasing (and quite probably sexually suggestive) fashion imaginable, already knowing for a fact EXACTLY who he was.

"Alright, snap out of it and listen up, pal; what WE as POLITICIANS have currently got on our hands right now is THIS: you see, I'm pretty sure that almost every Underground citizen not living in Snowdin already knows very well how utterly broken and corrupt the nation's current political system really is when you break it down into its individual cogs and gears." Alphys interlocked her hands together in a remarkably clichéd manner and explained, trying desperately this time not to accidentally work up too big of a fuss.

"Therefore, you see, there are certain things that we have the time, patience and energy to deal with right now, as well as some other things that we DON'T; one particularly PERFECT example of the latter category, my friend, would be whatever the hell you've been blabbering on about for the past several MINUTES of our stinking LIVES!" Alphys hypocritically ranted at Burgerpants as she gently, sneakily placed her left foot atop the crotch area of Burgerpants' (well) pants and began sensually stroking it like a fluffy little kitten underneath the table.

"Um, Alphys? May I kindly ask what you've got hidden behind your back right now?" Bratty asked Alphys curiously while the adorably shy girl was busy feigning her innocence in the most deliberately unconvincing fashion imaginable by loudly whistling the climax segment of Bohemian Rhapsody and crossing her arms behind her back as comically suspiciously as she possibly could, all but literally adorning herself with a lustrously glowing, sharply arrow-pointing, blisteringly bright-red "secretly giving her ex-boyfriend a footjob underneath the table" label.

"Oh, nothing!" Alphys shrugged her shoulders and teasingly winked at Bratty and Catty, wiggling her left big toe in flawlessly timed homage to one of Tarantino's most famous movies as Burgerpants moaned and cried loudly with pleasure, leaving a disgustingly gigantic dripping stain in his pants and collapsing unconsciously across his seating row while Alphys cradled him in her lap and gently, lovingly stroked his fluffy little head (no, not THAT head, you disgusting sickos) with feelings of suddenly rudely reawakened infatuation far beyond human measure.

"Um, okay, so...from what I can, like, gather and stuff, you and Undyne need to, like, train us into the absolute awesomest, like, presidents we can, like, be so that we can, like, eventually overthrow our ridiculously, like, outdated and obsolete monarchical government system and bring, like, happily-ever-after presidential peace to the Underground and junk, am I right?" Bratty gently clutched her head in her hands in profound mental exhaustion and asked Alphys flatly, very seriously not wanting to get herself into yet another fight.

"Correctamundo, my friend! Now TELL me, you spoiled little shits; what's the FIRST thing we need in order to make this seemingly far-fetched dream of ours come true and get your slutty, sorry asses printed onto flashy electoral banners?" Alphys filed her nails nonchalantly and asked Bratty, Catty and Undyne in an almost despicably arrogant and cock-sure manner.

"OF COURSE! MONEY! LOADS OF IT!" Undyne triumphantly yelled at the tops of her lungs in

sudden realization; so loudly, in fact, that her voice literally shattered every single window in the entire eating station.

"Now tell me, femme fatales; what's the quickest and easiest way for us to get such a thing at the moment besides my wonderful scientific body, I mean inventions?" Alphys asked her companions smugly, fluttering her eyelashes adorably at them and eyeing the nearby cash register with almost unspeakably malicious intentions.

"WHAT?! NO WAY, JOSÉ! You know for a fact that we would NEVER do such an utterly lowly and deplorable thing!" Bratty and Catty yelled almost robotically at her in absolute disgust rivaled only by that of their king.

"Alphys, I've known you for an almost EXCRUCIATINGLY long freaking time, and one thing I can definitely tell you for sure is that the Alphys I know would NEVER resort to such sickeningly scummy and detestable crimes as-" Undyne began furiously, ham-fistedly chewing her out before Alphys grabbed the metaphorical zipper on her mouth and literally zipped it right shut so that she could continue showering her loyal servants with positively obscene amounts of pure, unadulterated psychopathic sass.

"Look, we have EXCRUCIATINGLY taxing and urgently serious economic and political matters to deal with right now; shut your whore pie-hole right this instant, if you would please kindly confide." Alphys hissed angrily in Undyne's ear, pulling out her mind-reading remote from her pocket and sticking the antenna right up said ear to pick up signals from her brain so that she could prove how utterly immoral and impure the fish lady's current thoughts at the moment really were deep down inside.

"See? You totally want to steal your way up from rags to riches too, don't lie!" Alphys laughed increasingly evilly as she sexily slithered over like an adorable little (venomous, hissing, fork-tongued) weeaboo snake to where Bratty and Catty were sitting so that she could do the exact same thing to them, only to find that both of their minds literally had their own individual, full-fledged Twitter feeds!

"Man, if you think THIS is awkward, wait until you hear THIS!" Alphys cackled mischievously as she forcefully shoved the antenna right up Catty's ear and then (just to prove her point about how amazingly stupid and scatterbrained Bratty and Catty really were) proceeded to slowly but surely extend it the rest of the way through the inside of her head and straight out her other ear.

"Wow, it sure is a real good thing I don't have any eardrums or inner ear structures in the first place, ain't it?" Catty laughed nervously to herself and coughed up a massive hairball from her throat, drumming (get it?) her fingers together as Alphys retracted the antenna from her ears and cleaned off the putrid slimy wax from them with the corner of her lab coat.

"Umm...you do know that that's not even REMOTELY a good thing, right?" Alphys sighed, facepalming herself in disappointment as she inched over to where Bratty was sitting and shoved the antenna right up her nose.

"Man, if you think THIS is awkward and embarrassing, just wait until I shrink myself to itty-bitty little bug size, crawl in there just like what happens in nearly every single fucking one of this writer's actually good fanfics and spread photographically proven news of this event all over Twitter and Tumblr...or you could just follow through with the plan, you know! Tell me; what'll it be? Public humiliation or silent killing?" Alphys curiously (yet disturbingly threateningly) asked her friends with a frighteningly domineering look in her eyes, unbearably and undeniably eager to make a quick shilling.

"Our minds have been expanded." Bratty, Catty and Undyne all said robotically as Alphys used the alternative function of her mind-reading device to pull some very important strings deep within their brains and turn them into greedy, sadistic, sociopathic killer rabbits just like her; sure enough, her diabolical plan was already falling perfectly into place and going exactly as writ!

## HBACSAPS Part 3

### HBACSAPS: Part 3

"Come, my delightful little puppets; we have an AWFUL lot of work to do up in New Home City! Don't we, Miss Alphys?" Alphys laughed coldly and spitefully, talking to (and manipulating) a crudely made sock puppet of herself with one hand and sticking the antenna of her mind-reading device right up the still-deeply unconscious, recently tranquilizer-darted Burgerpants' ear with the other so that she could slyly fish the secret password to his ATM account right out of his head before he could even begin to realize how much crap was already going amiss.

"Oh, for the love of Mettaton, WHO IN THE BLOODY HELL designs an ATM system like this?" Alphys groaned irritably, facepalming herself yet again as she saw that Mettaton had (for whatever stupid and arrogant reason) made Burgerpants' relatively money-lacking ATM account only accessible through the cash register at his restaurant...and also merged it with his own, technically making him and Burgerpants tied with each other as the absolute richest citizens of the entire Underground. Of course, the sad part was that knowing Mettaton, he probably didn't even have the first proper clue of how economically devastating this type of thing really is.

"WOW...SO, LIKE, SHINY...OUR...PRECIOUS..." Bratty and Catty drooled orgasmically at the mouth upon seeing the digitally represented grand total of three BILLION dollars (worth of gold) contained within Mettaton's and Burgerpants' collective singular bank account.

"I'll bet you don't even have the first CLUE how many freaking protein shakes I'm planning to buy with all this money, Alphie..." Undyne stalkerishly breathed right down Alphys' neck.

"You guys seriously just don't get it..." Alphys sighed as she pulled out her iPhone, took exactly one third (which was still a solid BILLION dollars) of the grand total from Mettaton's and Burgerpants' account and hastily transferred it into her own ATM account, which she luckily just so happened to have HER OWN FREAKING CONVENIENTLY PLACED APP for, wouldn't you know it.

"Like, what exactly is there to GET here in the first place?" Catty groaned and sighed, pounding her face against her palms in frustration, annoyance and boredom while Alphys quickly shut the cash register and hopped back down onto the floor before any of the hotel's impossibly stupid residents and staff were able to catch her in the act and sue her into an unwinnable court case.

"Well, let's see; there's burgers, fries, soda, more burgers, Mettaton face steak..." Alphys sarcastically replied, making the classic "listing things off" gesture with her hands just for absolute smugness' sake.

"Yeah, thanks for, like, the enlightening information, smartass; now when do we get to, like, actually USE our freaking paycheck, might I add?" Bratty asked Alphys, clenching her razor-nailed hands into bleeding fists intently and starting to become more than a little irritated and mad.

"RIGHT NOW, BITCHES! YEE-HAWWW!" Alphys yelled triumphantly at the tops of her lungs with gleeful satisfaction as she and her friends busted right out through the front door to the restaurant and immediately took off running all the way back to New Home.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE IMMIGRATION ENTRANCE TO NEW HOME CITY...

"So tell me; how exactly did you get THIS much money so quickly, you little spies?" the



immigration booth guard, who amusingly (and amazingly) enough was actually Nice Cream Guy on a morning shift, asked Alphys curiously, scanning over her meticulously with his eyes.

"Hey, I'll have you know that she's already **FIRMLY FREAKING ENGAGED**, pervert!" Undyne yelled at him, comically misunderstanding the point behind the man's intense ogling of a nature most eerily curt.

"Hey, you're not allowed to, like, objectify women no matter **HOW** much they might be doing, like, the exact same thing to you, you freaking retarded, like, manchild! I'll have you know that this is your **VERY, LIKE, LAST** warning before I, like, post this shit onto, like, Tumblr and make you, like, **PAY** for what you've, like, done, jerkwad!" Bratty and Catty both systematically yelled at him in oppressive unison, attempting to pull out their social media devices and do just that...but luckily not before Undyne was able to fiercely tackle them face-first onto the ground with her at least twofold-quarterback-strong bod.

"Say like again! **SAY! LIKE! AGAIN!** I **DARE** you, I **DOUBLE**-dare you motherfuckers, say like **ONE** more goddamned time!" Undyne yelled infuriatedly at Bratty and Catty as the three of them violently wrestled each other on the ground while the writer desperately struggled to come up with more words to rhyme.

"Alphys, let me ask you again: **WHERE DID YOU GET ALL OF THIS MONEY, HMM?**" Nice Cream Guy asked Alphys yet again (even more suspiciously this time) while Undyne and the brats were busy ferociously playing what could only be described as Hot Lesbian Twister Action with each other behind them.

"**HA, GOTCHA!**" Nice Cream Guy laughed as he scooped the luckily distracted Alphys right up into his arms like a cuddly little baby doll, pulled out his own mind-reading device (which, surely enough, was actually not Alphys' invention after all, but rather a top-secret blueprint that she had cheaply stolen and copied directly from the Underground government's even more top-secret databanks) from his pants pocket and forcefully shoved its antenna right up Alphys' left nasal orifice.

Now, a reader with absolutely no common knowledge of movie and television show (especially cartoon) clichés would probably naturally assume that at this precise moment, Alphys was simply nothing short of doomed; however, what with Alphys and her brain being so astonishingly intelligent and slick, she thought up a lie, and she thought it up quick!

In fact, by deliberately closing off every single one of her neural gateways (or at least the ones that led to what Nice Cream Guy was looking for) and making sure to specifically leave only the lying one open (seriously, please don't think too hard about that), Alphys was somehow able to narrowly escape being caught by the authorities and sent straight to the Supreme Court, followed by potential months if not years of dreadful imprisonment with nothing even remotely meaningful or satisfying to do except walk about drawing tally marks on the cold, clammy brick walls and hopelessly moping.

"I inherited it from previous royal scientist Gaster and all of his magnificently fantastical inventions of science and technology, wouldn't you know?" Alphys (and her thoughts) told him with an alarming air of confidence most uncharacteristically bold.

"Alright, alright, fair enough; I'm honestly unsure whether you've simply outsmarted me or you're just **THAT** much of an arrogant spoiled asshole, but either way, welcome to New Home City, where the people are rude and the sanitation is shitty!" Nice Cream Guy mock-excitedly (quite sarcastically, in fact) welcomed his four new members to the Underground's very first (and only) major urban city...which, of course, was a totally blatant copy-and-paste ripoff of New York just as

much as (if not even more so than) its new visitors were total unabashed dorks.

"Ahh, here we are...the absolute nutsack, I mean nutshack of the Underground." Alphys ominously explained to her friends, dramatically spreading her arms out to the sides of her so that she could take in the wonderfully gloomy and depressing view of the Underground's largest city in all of its overproduced, overpopulated and ever-so-festeringly grimy and crimey inglorious, right down to all of the classic, fondly remembered, pointlessly tacky fashion trends.

"Oh my, like, ever-loving god, this place has, like, McDonald's at, like, literally every goddamned, like, street corner and stuff, EEEEEEE!" Catty squealed adorably with delight, hyperactively squooshing and squashing her big chubby (face) cheeks all over the place like Mario's head from Super Mario 64's opening screen.

"I can, like, shop for the latest fashions, drink, like, diarrhea-inducing shitloads of coffee and junk from several different locations every single day AND, like, constantly be on my laptop, like, all at the same bloody time and stuff?! I SWEAR TO GOD, I'M, LIKE, LITERALLY IN FREAKING BRATTY, LIKE, HEAVEN RIGHT NOW!" Bratty just about literally screamed her bratty little head off with delight, squawking like a dying bird and doing it so loudly that Alphys could actually physically feel her own ear blood leaking out.

"Most importantly of all, we get to make Bratty and Catty the new PRESIDENTS!" Undyne also annoyingly squealed with girlish delight as the four of them sat down at the nearest bus-stop bench and (im)patiently waited for their bus to arrive so that they could immediately head straight for the Capitol building, which in the Underground was apparently located in the exact same city (in other words, clearly the WRONG one) as all of the other Washington DC monuments.

"Alphys, do you understand what this means?" Undyne asked Alphys happily as could be with a borderline drug-induced crocodile grin plastered onto her face, jittering violently with profound overexcitement while Alphys was just sitting on her iPhone, rudimentarily and unfeelingly passing the time by browsing through page after page of pointless Internet memes.

"What?" Alphys sighed.

"It means that if they've learned anything from bodybuilding badass mofos like me, then they are absolutely, undoubtedly going to be some of the outright strongest presidents that ever lived, human or otherwise!" Undyne laughed cockily, already beginning to develop an alarmingly strong sexist bias against guys.

"We'll literally be able to, like, start an entire nuclear war just by, like, SNEEZING and junk! Cool, huh?!" Catty laughed maniacally, causing Alphys to suddenly adopt an extremely uneasy expression on her face...well, duh.

"Before you know it, we'll be able to literally, like, kick the Statue Of Royalty's stupid, like, head right off and stuff and then smash its entire, like, freaking body into pieces with, like, freaking ball-and-chain morningstars and junk, then, like, set it on fire and, like, watch it, like, freaking BURN and stuff!" Bratty laughed even more maniacally to the point of exhibiting outright fetishism, drooling rabidly at the mouth as Alphys' facial expression rapidly went from mildly scared to outright terrified at the sudden horrifying realization that these two literally would, in fact, NEVER learn.

"YAY, here comes the majestic, like, urban train and stuff! All, like, aboard, everybody! CHOO, CHOO!" Bratty and Catty childishy teased Alphys (while Undyne playfully ruffled her big chubby lizard quills) as the four of them suddenly saw the bus arrive, eagerly (and not-so-eagerly) hopping right onto it with excitement (and dreadful anxiety) and booking a ride straight to the Capitol

building.

On the incredibly filthy, obnoxiously loud and remarkably overcrowded (much like the city itself) bus, Alphys and her friends simultaneously admired and also deeply despised the mesmerizingly awe-inspiring sights of (basically) what New York City truly had to offer for us.

Even despite not actually being human, literally all of the passengers on the bus were still animalistically hissing and screaming at the mere sights of pretend Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton (let alone the real things), repeatedly and annoyingly chanting "it's not over till the fat lady sings".

The supposedly amazing and wonderful view that could apparently be seen through the windows was actually comprised of hardly anything except buildings so intimidatingly large that it made Alphys and her friends feel like actual rat-sized vermin by comparison, punctuated by miles upon grimly polluted miles of concrete and systematically arranged stores and apartments that stretched on for what seemed like literally forever...and ever...and more ever.

Crime ran absolutely rampant in almost every possible alleyway you could think of, the streets themselves were almost as filthy and nasty as your average public Shell gas station restroom, and there were so many flashing and glowing lights all over the place that it nearly caused Alphys to go into full-on seizure mode in a fit of agonizing sensory overload.

But again, if there was one thing that Alphys absolutely hated and DESPISED above all else about this place, it was the godforsaken NOISE! Every single waking hour of literally every single godforsaken day and night here, the citizens would constantly, neverendingly prance and parade about in their air-blackening, oil-guzzling automobile toys, and oh god, the noise, noise, NOISE!

But despite actually being one of the world's absolute worst non-third-world (not to mention non-Detroit) places to live in, Alphys and her friends ironically started to find, after spending a few painfully long-seeming minutes with it, that part of New Home City's charm, much like the real New York City up in the human world on the surface, actually came from just how much of an utterly godforsaken, putrid and festering dump it truly was, if that makes any sense.

SEVERAL MINUTES OF HOPELESSLY ATTEMPTING TO MAKE SENSE OF IT LATER...

"Wow, this house is so, like, BIG and stuff..." Bratty and Catty gasped in amazement as Alphys, Undyne and them alike all walked into the main entrance lobby of the Capitol building at the exact same time as if it were set in stone, looking around and gazing in wonderment at all of the extravagantly illustrious and beautiful furnishings (including quintuple chandeliers, no less) that were scattered all throughout that one incredibly massive room alone.

"Greetings, visitors!" the former Snowdin shopkeeper, who was now tasked with watching over the soon-to-be royal ballot booth (which Asgore always unanimously won, of course, mainly due to an almost foolproof combination of money bribing and death threats, the key word being ALMOST), greeted Alphys and company as they suddenly all gathered around her in a nice big half-circle and took their soon-to-be presidential bows to her and her big fluffy rabbit boobs.

"Um, excuse me, eyes up HERE!" the Snowdin shopkeeper directed Alphys, pulling out a BDSM whip from her pocket and savagely flogging her right across the face with it to get her to pay attention. "So tell me, what did you buncha lesbian weirdos REALLY come here for; the election itself or the beer?"

"Mostly the (hiccup), like, beer, we, like, (hiccup) totally promise!" Bratty suddenly began hiccuping at the most inopportune moment possible while Catty fiercely slapped her on the back to

jerk her throat functions back into plausibly normal status.

"In fact, believe it or, like, not, we're actually kinda, like, planning to, like, (BURRRRRRP) reform the entire, like, Underground government system from, like, a monarchy and stuff into, like, a presidency and junk!" Catty explained, somehow managing to additionally burp at the most inopportune moment possible while Alphys groaned and facepalmed herself in disgusted embarrassment.

"Don't mind the way that these puny, spoiled-rotten little weaklings are acting in the presence of political authority right now; I sincerely promise you that they'll grow up into some of the absolute strongest and MANLIEST fucking presidents you'll ever see, able to literally take the entire goddamned MOON and fucking PUSH IT SOMEWHERE ELSE, URRRGGGHHH!" Undyne roared in an overexaggeratedly masculine manner while the Snowdin shopkeeper just stood there and awkwardly stared at them in dumbfounded confusion, beginning to very seriously consider calling security to throw them right out so that she could resume her work in peace.

The boob-squeezing hand gestures that Undyne was a-bit-less-than subtly making at her weren't exactly helping matters either; in fact, if she had to decide, between Bratty and Catty, which one of them would actually make a good president, she would most likely say neither.

"Wait a minute, hold that thought for a second, would you PLEASE?! Seriously, I'm freaking BEGGING you for Christ's sake!" Alphys yelled at the Snowdin shopkeeper in a fit of panic, collapsing face-first onto the floor and grabbing her tightly by the ankles and slovenly licking her feet in a surprisingly successful glittery attempt to look utterly, adorably pathetic enough to actually garner legit sympathy from the old rake.

"Okay, FINE, what's your offer? I'll take ANYTHING so long as it distracts me from THESE fricking nitwits!" the Snowdin shopkeeper sighed, pepper-spraying Undyne and Bratty and Catty alike in the eyes to get them to stop staring at her breasts while Alphys reached into her pocket and pulled out her adorably pink wallet, the credit card of which now had an entire billion dollars (worth of gold) stored on it.

"Here, is THIS enough compensatory moolah to convince you into letting us induct Bratty and Catty into the Underground's very first presidential election? Or am I gonna have to go Oriental on your tight sexy ass, bunny-puff?" Alphys asked the Snowdin shopkeeper curiously and ever-so-vaguely-and-obsequiously flirtatiously, striking a threatening(ly hot) karate pose at her as she nonchalantly swiped her credit card right through the credit-card slot on the booth's ATM register, punched in her identification code on the register's keypad and effectively transferred the entire billion human dollars' worth of gold...which, in the Underground, was worth VASTLY more than it is on the surface, naturally enough.

"SO...MUCH...MONEY..." the Snowdin shopkeeper gasped, literally having a straight-up heart attack and fainting one-hundred-percent unconscious onto the floor; sure enough, when Alphys poked the antenna of her mind-reading device into one of the shopkeeper's big pointy rabbit ears and looked inside her brain, the singular thought dominating over everything else was, and I quote, "money makes the world go round". It also certainly didn't help matters that Alphys was almost certain (and already had been for a very, VERY long time, actually; many years, in fact) that the Snowdin shopkeeper secretly worked night shifts as a filthy whore.

"Hmm...we take it that's a YES!" all four of the girls laughed uproariously in unison as they immediately got to work setting up the Democratic and Republican parties and forgetting to do basically everything else, since pretty much everything else about America's government BESIDES the actual presidents themselves was already a big fundamental part of the

Underground's; surprisingly enough, the plan itself was relatively successful, but the things that began happening immediately afterwards were nothing short of an absolute disaster, as Alphys and Undyne very quickly found.

(Yo, narrator, cue the song!)

"You're offensive, Brat n' Cat!" Xander began singing as Bratty and Catty each got out a nice long Powerpoint list of non-atheist, non-female and non-white-mage people and stuck their tongues out at every single one of them during one of their public White House speeches while the audience just-as-horribly made fun of THEM for being both freakishly scrawny (Brat) and morbidly obese (Cat).

"You're blatant archetypes!" Xander continued singing as Alphys and Undyne read their way through massive hundreds-upon-hundreds-of-pages-long scrolls full of the stupid uneducated white-trash shit that Bratty and Catty had already been spewing from their mouths every single waking hour of every single day, taking a swig of beer for every single time that the word LIKE was written onto each scroll...and nearly dying of alcohol poisoning within the first minute's worth of reading.

"You're as shallow as a kiddie pool and hollow as a pipe, BRAT N' CAAAAA-AT!" Xander scoffed as Bratty and Catty made an entire collaborative speech just to explain why, in their opinion, Mettaton would be the second best president ever besides Onision...which, of course, was based solely on his orgasmically handsome physical appearance and completely disregarded how much of an egomaniacal douche he was...in fact, believe it or not, seriously to the point of almost making the real Donald Trump look like an absolute reverend SAINT by comparison.

"You're the black disgusting plague of A SEWER-DWELLING RAT!" Xander retched in disgust as Bratty and Catty threatened to densely poison the entire city's water supply like the infamous Kefka Palazzo all over again if they didn't get their way...and almost legitimately meant it, because they were just simply that much of freaking detestable, insufferable little brats.

"You are lacking empathy, yet you act like you are SAINTS!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty violently abused and mocked their own electoral assistant sidekicks Alphys and Undyne simply for being somewhat annoyingly obsessed anime fans and having unavoidably crippling sight problems, then weakly attempted to make up for it by showing a bunch of videos of themselves doing things like donating to charity and petting fluffy little puppies, proving their absolute immaturity even further and rightly exposing them for being psychopathic, talentless taints.

"Your HEARTS are full of Tumblr, you've got TWITTER in your brains, BRAT N' CAAAAA-AT!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty squooshed all of their mindlessly devoted and obsessed social-media sympathizers together into collective (and ridiculously massive) Katamari balls and used said utterly horrifying living spheres of death to mercilessly bulldoze all of their New-Home-City-dwelling non-supporters (in other words, somewhere around HALF OF THE ENTIRE FREAKING CITY) into absolute smoldering smitheereens while Alphys and Undyne ran screaming for their dear lives.

"I wouldn't touch you with a...39-AND-A-HALF-FOOT CANE!" Xander scoffed smugly as Bratty and Catty attempted to perform a political vaudeville comedy skit with each other...and were so unbelievably, shockingly bad at it that they ended up being pelted with rotten Vegetoid tomatoes by literally everyone in the entire audience (most notably Snowdrake's father after the two of them made an unspeakably distasteful, insensitive and unfunny joke about his wife) and collectively yanked right off of the stage together by a literally 39-and-a-half-foot-long cane.

"Your clothes are ugly, and mismatched!" Xander spat in disgust as Bratty and Catty respectively

dressed themselves up as Ridley and Kraid from the Metroid series and held a publicized satanic ritual in which they incinerated exactly five copies of every single game in the series just because Nintendo PARTIALLY took down the Another Metroid 2 Remake fanhack.

"You have piercings up the ASS!" Xander sang as Alphys and Undyne respectively gave Catty and Bratty colonic irrigations at the absolute maximum settings using the good old-fashioned anal tubes at the local hospital, causing various assorted pieces of jewelry (as well as copious amounts of putrid rotten shit) to suddenly come spewing right out of their filthy, dirty mouths.

"You have ALL the fashion sensibilities of Christian Chan dressed as a LASS!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty walked onto their public speech stages with the outfits of one-dollar transvestite hookers, then publicly stated that everyone who didn't do such things was a sad ugly loser who failed completely at life, with the saddest part about it being the sheer number of social justice warriors on the Internet who somehow actually AGREED with their sorry Nicki Minaj asses.

"Given the choice between the three of you, I'd gladly pick...the hairy bag of GAS!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty sold several children into architectural New Home City slavery just to collectively make themselves even more money en masse

"You are rotten, spoiled brats!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty threw violent on-stage temper tantrums over the media's desperately persistent attempts to perhaps finally make them realize just how horrendously, pathetically unfit the both of them really were in both maturity and intelligence to serve as presidents.

"You're the queens of spineless CLOUDS!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty threatened to do all kinds of horribly violent things to the local Temmie terrorists on the nearby islands to perhaps finally teach them a lesson once and for all...but sadly never actually followed through on their promise because the Temmies, despite being mass-murdering psychopaths at LEAST on the level of Asgore's son Asriel during the events of the in-game pacifist run for Undertale, were simply "too adorable and smol".

"Your TEETH are bad potatoes splotted with MOLDY blackened spots, BRAT N' CAAAAA-AT!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty attempted to finally give their teeth a full and proper brushing...only to have the toothbrush physically reject them, pack its bags and jump right out one of many dangerously left-open twenty-sixth story bathroom windows of their apartment building because of how unspeakably gross, rotten, cavity-ridden and just generally disgusting the girls' teeth were, to the point where their sheer stench was even potentially capable of single-handedly killing flies and rats.

"You're a double-decker synthetically processed taco with CLEARLY FAKE SAUCE!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty ordered literally all of the local fast-food joints to erect gratuitously ego-nourishing statues of them in every single one of their locations (which, for McDonald's, was a hell of a LOT even in this version of New York) and then hatefully shun and insult highly talented, universally praised and widely respected sculpture artists like the ungrateful little cowards that they were whenever and wherever said statues didn't turn out looking EXACTLY freaking right as a hoss.

"You irritate me, Brat n' Cat, with an irritable super IRR!" Xander sang as people literally started basing their voting decisions between Bratty and Catty around which of the two had nicer (obviously fake) hair.

"You're CROOKED hilly-billies with the IQ of a cur, BRAT N' CAAAAA-AT!" Xander sang as Bratty and Catty argued with each other all the way for no less than fifteen solid minutes (that felt more like several agonizingly long and cringe-inducingly painful days and nights) about whether

the word nuclear was pronounced as "noo-kleer" or "new-kyoo-lurr"...and were both aspiring to be in charge of the Underground's entire nuclear missile supply, depending on which of them actually ended up winning the election once and for all, much to everyone's totally-not-sarcastic delights.

"Your candidacies, not to mention your SOULS for that matter, are a collectively putrid and festering social-media cesspool overflowing with the most distasteful assortment of utterly nonsensical and deplorable rubbish imaginable..." Xander sang as Bratty and Catty had the entire Statue Of Royalty (which was an adorably harmless and tastefully made statue of fully-clothed Asgore and Toriel kissing each other) torn down and replaced with a disgustingly pornographic and completely tasteless statue of themselves nakedly fucking each other.

"and you're probably going to start a gigantic rant thread on Tumblr because the person who wrote this song is a so-called 'evil, Satan-worshipping atheist' who apparently is also racist and sexist just because he didn't agree with the way that you two freaking conducted yourselves this year..." Xander sang with a growing hint of anger in his voice as the local news station showed everyone in the Underground a great big recap (for at least the millionth freaking time, no less) of all of the utterly horrible things that both Bratty and Catty had very clearly done throughout their candidacies, effectively making the viewers want to furiously hurl their remotes right through their television screens in a fit of sheer annoyance and frustration.

"...even though YOU don't even freaking care in the slightest! JESUS PANCAKE-FLIPPING CHRIST, WHAT AN ABSOLUTE LOAD OF ASININE, COCKAMAMIE, DEEP-FRIED BULL WITH SOGGY FRENCH FRIES ON THE SIDES!" Xander yelled in a fit of frustration, banging his head violently against his computer desk and beginning to seriously wonder in retrospect if perhaps, just maybe, Alphys actually SHOULD have just gone and outright committed suicide.

"You're pathetic, Brat n' Cat, and you smell like roadkill ELK!" Xander cringed in disgust as Alphys and Undyne were just about to take the longest, most thoroughly cleansing showers of their entire lives...only to find that Bratty and Catty had swapped out their clean and tidy soap bars for their own revoltingly hairy, pustule-ridden and slime-oozing ones straight from the depths of bathroom hell itself, causing the poor girls to scream even more loudly than Snowdrake's Father previously had all of those tragic weeks ago after finding out about the utterly horrific and unspeakable things that Alphys' infamous determination experiments had done to his wife.

"Your FEET were washed three months ago with WARM expired milk, BRAT N' CAAAAA-AT!" Xander retched yet again in profound revulsion as Bratty and Catty literally burned (thankfully only temporary) footprint-shaped depressions into the New Home City concrete with every single barefoot step that they took due to their foot sweat becoming so vomit-inducingly nasty and vile that it had actually somehow managed to gain corrosively acidic properties...and yet somehow, people far and wide were still more than willing to pay money just to lick their almost-indescribably bacteria-drenched, flesh-meltingly sour and repulsive tootsies.

(Luckily, however, most of THOSE sick fucks died of agonizingly massive stomach ulcers and chronic throat cancer shortly thereafter and took their Deviantart monikers with them in maniacal fits of hellbound laughter.)

"The three words that best describe you two are as follows, and I quote: WANNABE! ALPHYS! UNDYNE!" Xander yelled angrily in conclusion as the entire election, surely enough, resulted in only the world's most conspicuously, precariously perfect political split-decision voting tie.

## HBACSAPS Part 4

### HBACSAPS: Part 4

ABOUT A YEAR LATER, AT BRATTY'S AND CATTY'S INAUGURAL TIEBREAKER SPEECH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE, OF WHICH ALPHYS AND UNDYNE HAD VOLUNTEERED AS SECURITY BODYGUARDS FOR TOTALLY NOT SECRET-PLAN-RELATED REASONS...

"America, let me, like, tell you and stuff; if there's one, I repeat, like, ONE freaking thing that I've, like, learned over the, like, course of the past year and junk, it's the fact that I'm really just, like, basically nothing more than a quite frankly, like, rather sad and stupid and pathetic, like, valley-girl stereotype and junk that has absolutely NO, like, redeeming qualifications or even, like, just basic personality traits and stuff that should be considered, like, anywhere even remotely, like, NEAR good enough to consider voting someone like me for like, president and stuff." Bratty explained devastatedly into her Republican microphone on the left side of the stage (well, at least from the audience's point of view, that is), struggling not to break down and cry as she reluctantly allowed Catty to have her next turn, hoping (and praying) desperately that the next thing to come out of the crazy-ass feline's mouth wasn't just going to be yet another giant, massive load of piss.

"Personally, I'll have y'all know that I, like, totally disagree and junk; you see, when you're dealing with something as totally, like, macho and gruff and serious and stuff as presidential elections, it's really just part of the, like, fun and stuff to not just make everything harmless fluff!" Catty explained, shrugging her shoulders nervously and having literally no idea what to say while everyone in the audience (along with her own incestual girlfriend Bratty) glared evilly and disgustedly at her, slowly and robotically clapping their hands in a soul-piercingly sarcastic YAAAY gesture.

"Well, you see, like, personally, I really don't understand what any of this, like, newfangled political junk is all about, or even what it is in general, but what I do know for a fact is that presidential, like, speeches and stuff are NOT about openly admitting and, like, totally embracing that you're the bad guy and junk! I mean, yeah, you're kind of supposed to, like, give out a little bit of your, like, political inside story and stuff, but regardless, at any rate, I'd have to, like, say and stuff that it really does, like, seriously PAY quite a lot to, like, know and stuff that not EVERY, like, villainous ruler in video games is a hateful evil bitch like Bowser or Ganondorf...sometimes, as it, like, actually pretty often turns out, they're really just like how most of us would turn after achieving ludicrous amounts of political power: surprisingly intelligent but horribly misguided, like, visionaries and junk who simply want to cleanse the world of its overpowering, like, absolute shitstorm of appalling, like, filth and gunk!" Bratty looked straight down at her script and began ranting robotically and aimlessly into the microphone for as long as she could muster, taking a brief afterward pause to catch her breath and recover.

"Now, now, don't get TOO impressed; she was clearly just reading word-for-word verbatim right off of the script that I had written for her." Alphys whispered to Undyne as the two of them stood huddled together behind one of the White House entrance's ridiculously massive pillars.

"Shut it, Alphys, that's not important at all right now, nor is it what I currently have on my mind!" Undyne whispered back to Alphys while Bratty and Catty continued awkwardly ranting at their audience about how they clearly had no idea how to properly serve as presidents and had literally only made it into the election because of monetary reasons most thoroughly and preemptively outlined.



"Well then, what exactly IS on your surprisingly enigmatic and rather unsurprisingly fishy little mystery of a mind right now, might I ask?" Alphys asked Undyne eagerly, almost halfway expecting Undyne's plan to involve the two of them blowing up the entire building in Guy Fawkes masks and jet-black trenchcoats while the 1812 Overture played in the background all throughout their magnificently glorious political ass-kicking.

"You know, I'm not quite sure yet...wait a minute...Bowser...inside story...OH MY FREAKING NEPTUNE, THAT'S IT!" Undyne gasped in surprise as she suddenly realized what she and Alphys were inevitably going to end up having to do for almost undeniably obviously fetishistic reasons; say, did I mention yet that this entire story was literally written solely as an excuse for this ONE particular scene (and the Grinch song parody from the previous chapter) to happen?

"Alphys? Give me the shrink ray, preferably right now." Undyne stared intently at Catty's nice big funnel-shaped ears and flatly commanded Alphys, beckoningly outstretching her right hand toward the poor little lizard dork as she fumbled about in her pockets, pulled out what looked like an incredibly cheesy plastic laser-gun toy straight out of the dark money-grubbing commercial depths of the 1990s and reluctantly handed it to Undyne, already firmly anticipating and knowing very well EXACTLY what she was about to end up having simply no choice but to put herself through...and actually liking the idea of it an awful lot more than one would probably expect from your average (usually) borderline-insanely germaphobic weeaboo.

"Oh, dear...this isn't really what I think it's going to be, is it?" Alphys asked Undyne nervously, trembling with dreadful fear and anxiety as Undyne got out a magical drinking straw from her pocket.

"What's the matter, scaredy-cat? You've got a real big brain, you know...BUT NOW I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SNEAK YOUR WAY INTO AN EVEN BIGGER ONE!" Undyne laughed uproariously as she shrunk Alphys to nearly microscopic size, magically inserted her into the straw, aimed directly for Catty's right ear (in other words, the one with the hoop earring on it) and shot her right out of it like a spitball from a cafeteria kid's mouth...or if you want to be a little less gross, an organically produced bullet from a gun.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Alphys squinted her eyes tightly shut and shrieked at the tops of her ever-loving lungs as she flew through the air at what felt like well over a solid thousand miles per hour, trying desperately not to look down as the entrance funnel of Catty's ear began to come into view. "God, if I don't make it through this, please tell my mother that I love her and she loves me...that we're a happy family..."

"With a great big hug and a kiss from me to you...won't you PLEASE say she loves me too?!" Alphys cried, reluctantly opening up her eyes and gulping loudly in fear as she flew straight into Catty's right ear canal, which of course was almost as filthy as a public restroom loo!

"OOF! OW! D'OH! OUCH! GAH! YICK! EWW! YUCK!" Alphys winced repeatedly in pain and disgust as she ricocheted (like a bouncy ball) numerous times off of the slimy, filthy, fungus-growing, earwax-coated walls of Catty's right ear canal.

"Seven score and four years ago...oh God, Catty got a freaking nasty bug in her ear and couldn't get it out! SOMEBODY HELP ME FOR GOD'S SAKE!" Catty screamed in horror, suddenly feeling Alphys' presence VERY acutely as the audience began to hear the cartoonish noise of pots and pans clanging about in her head while Alphys accidentally flew right past her brain into her other ear and immediately realized at that very moment that she had made a GIGANTIC mistake!

"Oh, FUCK me, I somehow forgot that it was LITERALLY in one ear and out the other with these two!" Alphys screamed for dear life as the light at the beginning of Catty's left ear tunnel came

prominently into view.

"OUT, OUT! DAMNED STUPID ANNOYING LITTLE INSECT!" Catty yelled angrily, tilting her head downward and sideways so that her right ear was directly facing the ground and unknowingly saving Alphys' sad and miserable life in the process.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, WHOA!" Alphys screamed in terror, her adrenaline kicking into overdrive as she fell all the way back down through Catty's left and right ears (in that order, naturally) and desperately clung onto her hoop earring for dear life, gloriously successfully taking an opportunity that generally only came once in perhaps MAYBE a hundred years.

"Ah, good riddance!" Catty laughed as she saw the huge glob of wax that she had just pounded out from her ears lying unassumingly on the ground, immediately assumed that it had the bug in it and stomped on it with her bare unwashed foot, much to the chagrin (and absolute disgust) of the audience.

"Well, here goes NOTHING..." Alphys sighed hopelessly to herself as she swung back and forth from Catty's earring and released her grip on it at just the right time, sending herself plummeting straight back down into Catty's cavernous, gaping ear at terminal velocity!

"Man, if I could literally DIE of embarrassment and disgust right now, I probably would..." Alphys sighed internally as she tumbled straight down the massive fleshy slope of Catty's right ear canal like a big yellow snowball, getting completely covered from head to toe with gooey, sticky, hairy, smelly wax along the way as she desperately struggled not to throw up, trying as hard as she possibly could.

"Alright, kitty-cat, I'd say it's about HIGH TIME that someone else stepped in and took control for once! Sure hope you don't mind the physical and emotional PAIN!" Alphys chuckled grimly as she dizzily got back up onto her feet and gazed blankly with her lower jaw firmly agape in a mixture of awe-inspiring wonderment and profound confusion at Catty's impossibly large brain.

"And you see, in order for us to properly move forward as a country, we need to find a way to wall ourselves off from terrorists and people that don't agree with my ideas so that we no longer have to deal with them anymore...actually, wait a second, hold that thought, I've got some GOLD-DIGGING to do!" Catty embarrassedly addressed the audience as she rudely shoved her finger deep into her nose (right in front of a freaking New-York-City-sized public audience, no less) and magically extended it all the way into her brain room!

"OH NO, YOU DON'T! Not THIS time, stupid freaking anime tentacles!" Alphys laughed snidely as she deftly sidestepped out of the way of Catty's finger right in the nick(elodeon) of time, causing Catty to accidentally shove her finger right into her frontal lobe and effectively paralyze herself, giving Alphys ample time to climb up onto her arm and go straight for the kill.

"Man, talk about making something go as utterly VIRAL as Game Theory giving Undertale to the freaking Pope!" Alphys snickered triumphantly as she carefully sprinted her way up Catty's outstretched index finger and used her razor-sharp claws to tunnel straight into the poor kitten's extremely sensitive frontal lobe.

"My opponent is a liar and a fraud and cannot be- OH, DEAR GOD, THE PAIN! THE UNBEARABLY AGONIZING PAIN! IT HURTS! IT HURTS! IT HURRRRRRTS!" Catty screamed in dreadfully agonizing internal pain, regaining the ability of movement just in time to kneel down on the floor and clutch her head in helpless agony as waterfalls of pain-induced tears ran down her painfully wincing face.

(Luckily, however, her brain tissue magically regenerated itself immediately afterward, so it wasn't really that big of a problem...at least not YET, that is. Just wait until you read the following series of words.)

"Oh my, what an awfully nice and spacious BRAIN you've got here, even though it's collected what would normally be considered somewhere around twenty years' worth of dust!" Alphys plopped her butt right down on the strongly office-chair-resembling pilot seat of Catty's central control supercomputer, violently sneezing all over the dashboard and whipping out her mind-reading device to find out what the password for logging into the computer itself was.

"Wow, she's even more fucking birdbrained than I thought..." Alphys thought disappointedly to herself, shaking her head in dismay as she literally typed out the phrase LIKEPASSWORDANDSTUFF onto the password screen in all-caps and hit the Enter key, surprisingly not for naught.

"HOO, boy, so many wonderful options and opportunities scattered right in front of me..." Alphys drooled at the mouth, her S&M boner(s) intensifying greatly. "Ooh, what does THIS button do, I wonder?!" she spastically squealed in a fit of pure childlike joy and curiosity as she violently slammed her finger onto one of Catty's numerous quick-command buttons with the force of a vicious bolt of thunder.

"Alright, stay calm, audience, PLEASE don't flip out on me! Trust me, EVERYTHING'S going to be perfectly al- MY OPPONENT IS A LIAR AND A FRAUD AND HAS UGLY HAIR AND CANNOT BE TRUSTED." Catty explained robotically, her eyes suddenly changing from dots into dizzily rotating swirls.

"Hey, at least I'm actually putting, like, REAL CONSCIOUS EFFORT into my political goal of making, like, everyone in the entire freaking nation absolutely DESPISE me and junk!" Bratty snapped right back at Catty like the bratty, snapping crocodile she always was...the little punk.

"Ooh, how about THIS one?! Or THIS one?! Or perhaps even THIS one?!" Alphys laughed dementedly as she began wildly pushing several randomly selected ones of Catty's buttons all at once without any rhyme or reason whatsoever; if it wasn't already completely obvious at this point, let me just say right now that she was clearly having WAY too much freaking fun.

"In honor of the blessed goodwill of all of America's people, I as potential future President of the United Underground States assure you all that from this point onward, Bratty is a putrid, festering, skanky, reprehensibly manipulative and dishonest little bitch with farty pants!" Catty growled angrily at Bratty, clenching her teeth tightly and foaming rabidly at the mouth.

"Oh, yeah? Well, in the name of all that is proud and respectable utilitarian citizen justice and equality, YOU'RE a fucking fat, rotten, stinky little poopy-headed Jew-whore that treats her country as if she had a goddamned SWASTIKA lodged in her FRONTAL LOBE, not to mention her RUMP!" Bratty hatefully snapped back at her, jumping up and down like a five-year-old kid...or in more annoyingly popular and overused terms, a SEVENTY-five-year-old Donald Trump.

"Oh, YEAH?! Well YOU'RE a scrawny, ridiculously shallow, downright fucking psychopathic little goddamned child in a full-grown woman's body that apparently, evidently can't even be BOTHERED to grow a fucking PAIR! You're a freaking electoral fungus with cotton-candy hair! NOW GET THE FUCK OVER HERE BEFORE YOUR ROTTEN-ASS INFLUENCE GETS TO THIS STINKING COUNTRY, YOU GODDAMNED TAX-INCREASING, EGOMANIACAL, BIGOTED WHORE!" Catty roared ferociously, pouncing right onto Bratty and tackling her onto the floor.

"Sister, let me tell you something RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW; the absolute LAST thing that America, I mean the Underground, needs right now is a fucking vote-manipulating, rule-breaking, truth-exaggerating, boyfriend-cheating, lard-assed BIMBO like yourself!" Bratty ranted angrily at Catty as the two of them violently clawed, scratched and punched each other in their faces while rolling furiously back and forth.

"You know, I actually COULD very easily state the exact same things about YOU, minus the whole LARD-ASS part!" Catty jeered menacingly at Bratty, poking her right in the eyes with her fingers and doing it so incredibly hard that it actually caused fountains of blood to gush from both of them in what could only be adequately described as a work of modern hemophilic art.

"OH MY GOD, MY FUCKING EYES! YOU GODDAMNED BITCH, HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY DO THIS TO YOUR OWN FUCKING COUNTRY'S BEAUTIFUL EYESIGHT?!" Bratty cried and screamed in agony, covering her eyes with her hands and whimpering in pain as Catty pinned her face-up and stationary onto the floor while she desperately struggled to even remember her left and right.

"Man, ain't this whole candidacy just an absolute CAT-astrophe?" Alphys joked sassily and snarkily, leaning back in her chair, planting her feet on the dashboard of Catty's central control system, holding (and twirling) her speech-control microphone like a glass of wine and glaring sensually at the audience in a way that simply could not be done proper justice through artistic means as primitive and archaic as text. "Come on, take a WILD guess what's going to happen next!"

"Well, what do you know? Looks like I really have going to have to literally slip in under the country's NOSE after all, just like what supposedly happened a few timelines ago between Alphys and a certain psychotic FLOWER!" Undyne laughed, gagging a little from the mere thought of it as she shrunk herself to (again) nearly microscopic size with the shrink ray and charged straight toward Bratty at what felt like a thousand-and-a-half solid miles per hour.

"YOU! WON'T! WIN! THIS ELECTION! IN A MILLION FUCKING YEARS, ASSHOLE!" Catty roared ferociously at Bratty, punching her in the face left and right until blood was splattered all over her feline, ring-bearing knuckles.

"Hey, I'm freaking Keemstar; let's go INTO THE NOOOOOOSE!" Undyne laughed triumphantly as she climbed up onto Bratty's beaten, battered, (makeup) bleeding face and dived right into her left nostril in a graceful dolphin pose!

"Oh god, it's another one of those, like, fucking brainwashing bugs and this time I can literally feel it, like, crawling right up my goddamned nose and stuff! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME BEFORE I GO COMPLETELY, LIKE, FUCKING INSANE AND STUFF?!" Bratty cried and screamed in horror, collapsing face-down and completely flat onto the floor as Catty mock-sympathetically let go of her, wrapped her right arm around her long and slender legs and began tickling her dainty little soles with the left while Undyne followed Alphys' nightmarishly sadistic example and used her razor-sharp claws to tunnel her way right through Bratty's frontal lobe and into her completely defenseless brain, making sure to be tear-jerkingly rough.

"GWAHAHAHAUUGGGHHH! GODDA-HA-HA-HAMNIT, I FUCKING GIVE UP, OKAY-HAY-HAY? I REALLY DON'T WANNA BE PREH-HEH-HEH-SIDENT ANYMO-HO-HO-HORE, I JUST WANT THIS ABSOLUTE TORMENT TO STAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP ONCE AND FOR AWW-HAW-HAW-HAWL! IS THAT REALLY TOO MUCH TO AH-HA-HA-HASK, GUY-HY-HY-HUYS?" Bratty screamed and cried in a fit of unbelievably agonizing pain

and ticklishness as Catty began licking her extremely sensitive feet like a dog while Undyne's claws shredded her central nerve endings into razor-sharply stinging shreds; honestly, however, she kind of deserved it after her entire candidacy of mostly nothing but pure, unadulterated, un-adult-worthy hatred and lies.

"Undergroundians watching this right now, I beg you: run for your lives! GET THE FUCK OUT HERE BEFORE THIS GETS ANY WORSE- my, MY, you fat little SLUT that's been utterly RUINING our country's bodily image for the past goddamned YEAR now; what incredibly big BREASTS you possess!" Bratty got up onto her feet and desperately attempted to warn the audience before she suddenly went all swirly-eyed and began creepily advancing toward Catty with overwhelmingly strong implications of overwhelmingly obvious intentions of lesbian incest.

"BACK THE HELL OFF, MA'AM!" Catty sneered lividly at Bratty, threateningly brandishing a toothbrush that she had presumably literally pulled right out of her ass (pockets). "DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS AS A SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF WHAT THE VAST MAJORITY OF KIDS IN AMERICA, I MEAN THE UNDERGROUND, NEED TO FREAKING DO MORE OFTEN, YOU FUCKING RONALD MCDONALD TRAMP!"

"You dare challenge the omnipotent, all-powerful wrath of the Underground's most powerful and respectable ruler in all of recorded history? Well then, I suppose I shall inevitably have to freaking KILL, I mean RAPE you to death, Catty!" Bratty hissed like a big black snake at Catty, creeping seductively towards her like a Michael Jackson zombie.

"YOU! FORCED ME TO USE IT!" Catty yelled furiously, (publicly) pulling her legwear down, thrusting her toothbrush forcefully into her vagina and vigorously brushing the grating, irritating sand out of it.

"Goddamnit, Catty, you've been violently, mercilessly tearing this formerly proud and respected nation's entire government, economic and military structures apart from the inside out for considerably MORE than long enough! NOW DIE, MOTHERFUCKER, BEFORE I PERSONALLY SYMPHONIZE YOU WITH THE FUCKING NIGHT!" Bratty wiped the blood off of her face with her tattered sleeve and roared furiously at Catty, grabbing the east-side Underground flag off of the presidential speaking stage and preparing to swing it with all of her rage-induced might.

"I don't even know what the hell that fucking phrase is supposed to mean, but what I do know is that the only reason you even got approved into this godforsaken election in the FIRST fucking place is because I, I mean Alphys, had a metric shit-ton of fucking FRAUDULENTLY ACQUIRED money and was dealing with moderators that were more than likely mentally UNSOUND!" Catty spat disgustedly as she reflexively ducked underneath Bratty's devastating horizontal swing, grabbing the stage's west-side Underground flag for herself as half of the entire star-spangled backdrop of the stage shattered into pieces and collapsed onto the ground.

"Again, I could very easily say the exact same thing about YOU, you goddamned racist, man-hating, holier-than-thou son of a bitch's pulsating, bloated, festering, sweaty, pus-filled, malformed CUNT!" Bratty yelled infuriatedly at Catty as she lifted her flagpole behind her back and readied herself to bring it thunderously crashing down on top of the lard-assed little runt.

"Oh yeah, YOU sure are one to fucking talk, Little Miss Special Fucking Snowflake That Gets To Have All Of The Goddamned Media Coverage To Herself Because She's A Goddamned Pestilent, Rotten, Impudent, Insolent, Bratty Piece Of FUCKING TRASH!" Catty growled and roared angrily as she lunged forward onto the east side of the stage and sidestepped Bratty's earth-shaking, west-side-of-the-stage-shattering vertical smash.

"You won't be able to fucking talk shit anymore once I've shattered your fucking JAW into smithereens, now WILL you, jerkwad?!" Catty continued yelled incessantly at Bratty as she spun around counterclockwise and delivered a massive horizontal smash to the crocodile's face, knocking out five (yes, FIVE) of her teeth, causing her to drop her flagpole (which then fell onto the east side of the stage and shattered IT into miniscule pieces as well) and sending her careening straight into the loudly cheering audience, who then proceeded to...AHM...drain their lizards all over her dizzied, nearly unconscious, lying-flat-and-face-up-on-the-ground bod.

"Oh, dearie me, such utterly RUDE and naughty behavior! Very unbecoming of our so-called 'proud and respectable citizens' if I do say so myself, wouldn't you boys agree?" Alphys put her left hand up onto her mouth, used Catty's central manual joystick to walk her over to where Bratty was laying with her right, and giggled embarrassedly as she watched the hilariously degrading spectacle happen onscreen.

"Damnit, I STILL can't beat that fucking woman in an argument, and I actually AM a woman myself, and I find this incredibly fucking offensive, brain, WOULD YOU PLEASE FUCKING STOP IT ALREADY?!" Undyne moaned and groaned in frustration, folding her arms over her chest and frowning irritatedly as Bratty's neural feeding pipe showered her with hot, smelly synthetic piss substance, already thoroughly convincing her that this game had an even crazier fucking fandom than Five Nights At Freddy's.

"THIS is for being a total freaking asshole cunt-nugget all goddamned year, you fucking obstinate, blithering, comically incompetent media-attention whore!" Catty laughed triumphantly as she grabbed Bratty by the tail and began rapidly swinging her around and around in circles in a fashion that totally did not look overwhelmingly familiar to anyone who had played Super Mario 64.

"And THIS is for shamelessly ripping off the absolute worst American president of all time, you sick cheeky fuck!" Catty laughed snarkily as she finally let go of the poor alligator's tail (oh, I'm sorry, have I been jokingly calling her a crocodile? There's really not much of a difference, you know) and hurled her straight into the east side of the presidential stage backdrop, busting a huge alligator-shaped hole right through it as Catty poured gasoline onto what little was left of the once-glorious-and-grandiose presidential stage and set the whole damned pile on fire, proving once and for all that THIS country was officially shit out of luck.

"Do...do you seriously STILL expect me to fucking continue talking right out of my stupid shitty ass about how 'the fate of the entire nation now rests upon one single person' and various other presidential clichés that neither of us even understand the true fucking significance of?" Bratty exhaustedly asked Catty, coughing up blood and writhing in agony as Catty dragged her (by the tail) right up in front of the speechless, jaw-agape, utterly disbelieving audience and gently yet forcefully removed every single article of clothing that the two of them were wearing with love.

"No no no, Miss Bratty, I expect you to CRY as you suddenly realize that all this time, the only goddamned thing that your freaking stupid good-for-nothing JOKE of a campaign was EVER really good for in the first place was to prove how much of a goddamned shallow, putrid ASSHOLE you are...just the type of shallow, putrid asshole that my dick needs inserting into, so I strongly suggest that you COMPLY...that is, unless you want to fucking DIE!" Catty teasingly whispered and angrily hissed into Bratty's ear in a manner most seductively deft, playing faux-lovingly with her half-real, half-fake hair as she reached down her fluffy, sexily curved feline body and grabbed her already rapidly hardening inbred cock with her right hand and teased over her furry bellybutton with her left.

"OH, JESUS CHRIST, I CAN EXPLAIN, I CAN EXPLAIN!" Alphys screamed in a fit of panic,

hastily removing her right hand from her frontally bulging underwear, pulling her labcoat and underwear back down (and up) over her crotch and covering it humiliatedly as she intently looked down at the floor of Catty's brain while Undyne almost-as-intently did the same with Bratty's considerably smaller and less wrinkly brain.

## HBACSAPS Part 5

### HBACSAPS: Part 5

Needless to say, what was currently happening to Bratty and Catty during their electoral inauguration speech due to a certain pair of ludicrously sassy stowaways fucking about in their brains was easily THE most embarrassing thing (more like SERIES of horrifically unfortunate and humiliating things, actually) to ever happen to ANYONE living in the Underground as a whole...and even more needless to say, Alphys and Undyne were absolutely adoring every single miniscule second of it, right down to the...oh, PLEASE tell me this is a typo...BRAINFUCKING.

"Man, and these fucking pussywillows thought that the stupid Motherly Fuckery fanfic's occurrence of this was fucked-up!" Alphys laughed nervously, swallowing what little pride she had left and setting Catty's internal brain-cam to PUBLICLY BROADCAST ON MOBILE DEVICES as she eagerly (yet understandably reluctantly) stripped her clothes right off, used (definitely) one of Catty's weirder button-commanded special features to form some of the poor girl's brain matter into a living, breathing, intestinal-knot-shaped synthetic copy of Undyne while Undyne did the exact same with Bratty's brain to create another brain copy of Alphys.

Basically, the idea was that whatever the brain-copied person did, the copy would imitate; coupled with the automatic body-movement-and-voice-recognition systems that had luckily been installed into Bratty's and Catty's brains at birth, this effectively meant that as long as Alphys and Undyne were fucking each other, their poor man's alternatives would do the exact same.

"Well, I guess I have no choice...looks like I'm gonna have to leave a REAL nasty surprise in this poor girl's noggin, aren't I?" Alphys sighed, glaring and winking seductively at the audience...most of which were presumably either extremely lesbian girls or delightfully horny guys.

"Well, you know what they say; when the penis gets going, the sperm get TOUGH!" Undyne laughed embarrassedly as she reluctantly laid herself face-down atop Alphys' brain copy, causing it to blush and smile awkwardly and adorably while the real thing followed suit as they both proceeded to (make Bratty and Catty) engage in public presidential-election sex most rough.

"Oh, Bratty, you bring SO much wonderful excitement to my life with all of your ludicrous political temper-tantrums and your adorably meaninglessly and needlessly overinflated ego..." Catty moaned and drooled with delight while she and Bratty rolled back and forth on the ground and wetly, sloppily french-kissed each other and licked each other's vaginas, blissfully unaware of the horrifically, vomit-inducingly disgusting things that were currently going on in their brains between the Alphys and Undyne duo.

"What, this is perfectly fucking NORMAL!" Alphys complained as she lovingly retracted her moist, dripping tongue from Catty's brain's Undyne's clone's wrinkly brainy vagina and tried her best to appear formal.

"Oh, Catty, you just make me want to EXPLODE all over this entire city with your adorably deceitful and manipulative personality and your OHH-so-luscious, juicy, fat and wrinkly boobs..." Undyne, I mean Bratty, moaned as she stuck her delightfully long and throbblingly erect penis into Catty's cleavage while Catty lovingly did the exact same to her without even utilizing any lube.

"Umm...God or whatever stupid lazy-ass entity is up there watching me, I'm REALLY freaking sorry that you have to see this, but I sincerely promise you that it is absolutely NOTHING to be disgusted and ashamed of!" Undyne whispered embarrassedly as she rigorously thrust her



delightfully long and throbbingly erect penis into the wrinkly brainy gap in-between Bratty's brain's Alphys' clone's wrinkly brainy thinkly boobs, as if what had just recently happened between Bratty and Catty in the previous chapter wasn't already bleach-drinking-suicide-inducing enough.

"Oh, Bratty..whenever I suck your beautiful schlong, I always imagine it ejaculating the wonderful seed of world peace into my eagerly awaiting mouth so that I can then violently shit it out all over the planet and create an everlasting new era of blissful non-combatant harmony between nations...man, is that fucking crazy or WHAT?" Catty moaned and laughed as she and Bratty adorably curled up together into 69 position and publicly sucked each other's dongs like mangy untamed mutts.

"I have literally no idea what in the actual flying godmother of FUCK I'm doing right now, but something deep within me tells me I'm REALLY feeling it!" Alphys moaned with orgasmically delightful pleasure as she succulently sucked on Catty's brain's Undyne's clone's wrinkly brainy thinkly veiny penis while CBUC lovingly and supportingly did the exact same thing to her own equally wrinkly brainy thinkly veiny penis.

"And now for the defining moment of our candidacies to begin, in which the strong and determined Republican shepherds the weak and cowardly Democrat through the valley of patriotic justice...or wait, is it actually the OTHER way around?" Bratty laughed as she and Catty began violently thrusting their rock-hard, still-throbbing erections into each other's glory holes, with moaning (and blushing) and screaming symbolic utterances of orgasmic pleasure abound.

"Yeah, fuck me right there, right in my MONKEY hole! OOO OOO AHH AHH! Yeah, I'm a MONKEY all right!" Alphys began yelling at the top of her snot-congested, shit-eating lungs as CBUC began virulently expanding her wrinkly, brainy, thinkly, veiny, fleshy dong into her adorably tight, dainty and ladylike little butthole and vagina, effectively fucking her like an actual rented donkey on bestiality date night.

"Yeah, DRINK your founding mother's milk, you big fucking BABY! Drink the river of totally-not-questionable political and religious ideals that, as foretold in Hillary Clinton's legendary prophecy, will eventually lead us to the fountain of youth, good fortune, and most importantly, NO MORE STUPID FUCKING KINGS! Come on, drink it like you (more often than not) drink the fucking MAYONNAISE out of Burgerpants' WIENER whenever and wherever I'm not looking, as well as the salty disgusting SWEAT from his reeking stinking FEETS!" Catty irritatedly teased Bratty as the latter began sucking adorably lovingly on the former's gloriously shapen teats.

"AHH...did I happen to mention yet that this is a parody of a freaking children's Christmas story? A goddamned flipping Dr. SEUSS one, no less?" Alphys threw her back and moaned happily with white-hot, squirting delight as CBUC lovingly, fervently sucked the creamy white milk from her tits with her wrinkly, brainy, thinkly, veiny, fleshy, dinkly mouth; honestly, this scene is actually rather disturbingly easy to masturbate to, I must confess.

"Yeah, come on, babe, let's make our absolute best collaborative effort to officially PACIFY the Underground for good once and for all! Starting with YOU sucking my goddamned CHEST pacifiers!" Bratty laughed hysterically, already beginning to seriously consider plastering said phrase onto a brand-spanking-new assembly line of presidential campaign flyers while Catty eagerly began sucking her tits so dry that they probably couldn't have really gotten much dryer.

"Oh, SWEET MERMAMA, that feels so good! It's just like I already said many times before; we're gonna make the Underground's babies fat and adorable again, one SUCK at a time!" Undyne moaned and chuckled with satisfaction as BBAC adorably meekly sucked on her plump, luscious, smoothly shapen fish titties with her wrinkly, brainy, thinkly, veiny, fleshy, dinkly, pickly mouth.

## TEN STRAIGHT MINUTES OF EROTIC BODY-CARESSING AND NAKED TWISTER POSES LATER...

While Alphys and Undyne were busy using the brains of the now-completely-milked-into-unconsciousness Bratty and Catty to make a ginormous blog post on Twitter, Tumblr and /r/WhatTheFanfic on Reddit about...whatever in the actual shit-sucking hell had just happened during Bratty's and Catty's former presidential debate in New Home City DC, the entire audience for...again, whatever the fuck just happened...just stood there utterly speechless on the majestic and beautiful front lawn of the White House, with their eyes burning, their stomachs sick (particularly the mobile users) and their jaws just as widely agape as ever.

"Does...does anyone have a KNIFE that I could borrow? Because that shit right there was absolutely nothing short of SUICIDE-splittingly unfunny, I'm serious." Sans said flatly with a profoundly horrified and disbelieving look in his eyes, despite the fact that the entire scene had been freaking hilarious.

"You know that feeling that people and skeletons alike sometimes get where they suddenly feel like they have cancer tumors infesting their entire bodies right down to the freaking bone marrow? Yeah...let's just say that what I just saw on my phone has DEFINITELY made me feel more than a little harrowed!" Papyrus shuddered fearfully for the fate of humanity, already beginning to very seriously and legitimately question the overall state of his own sanity.

"If those freaking idiotic little dolts seriously think that I'm going to just stand here ALL GODDAMNED DAY, watching them violently fornicate with other people's completely and utterly defenseless CENTRAL FREAKING NERVOUS SYSTEMS for literally NO godforsaken reason other than so that the voters can regretfully jerk off to it, then they must have weeaboo action figures wedged in their frontal LOBES!" Gaster spat disgustedly, head-shakingly (and also nauseatedly eye-twitchingly and mouth-coveringly) readjusting his glasses and revoltedly straightening out his robes.

"Mommy, can I please go home and take a shower? Preferably an EXTREMELY long one, at that? I literally feel physically unclean and mentally degraded after watching that!" Asriel, who was now wearing an adorably fluffy set of earmuffs and had his nose firmly plugged with bottle corks, curled himself up into a sideways little furball and writhed helplessly on the ground in a fit of uncontrollable situation-induced paranoia, wrapping his arms around his tightly bent knees and shivering in wide-eyed, unblinking psychological terror while his mother Toriel glared soul-piercingly evilly at her now-long-hated-and-despised ex-husband Asgore.

"See, honey, what did I tell you about letting Asriel bring his freaking PHONE everywhere? Look at him now, he's literally so goddamned traumatized by what he just saw that he can't even THINK straight!" Toriel yelled infuriatedly at Asgore, slapping him brutally across the face.

"Oh come on, it can't really be THAT bad, can it? I mean, at least the presidents themselves are probably to turn out better than I ever could as a king, don't you THINK?" Asgore shrugged his shoulders and depressedly sighed in defeat, legitimately wondering how in the actual living hell his former wife had expected him to anticipate and foresee such an unspeakably dreadful atrocity happening.

"Hmph...why don't you ask your poor little scarred-for-life son here HOW THESE TWO ARE GOING TO TURN OUT AS PRESIDENTS?!" Toriel grabbed Asriel off of the ground by the ends of his big fluffy rabbit lop-ears (causing his earmuffs to fall right off, naturally) and suddenly shrieking so loudly at her former husband that it caused frightfully large portions of both of the poor kid's precious little eardrums to burst into pieces, causing him to literally wet his pants in fear

as copious amounts of warm, fresh blood leaked from each of his poor unfortunate ears.

"MOTHER, PLEASE PUT ME DOWN AND RETURN THE EARMUFFS TO THEIR RIGHTFUL BLOODY POSITIONS RIGHT NOW BEFORE I START HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN." Asriel begged his mother robotically in mock-mind-control voice tone while Asgore innocently whistled his way out of the general area before Toriel could get to him and break nearly every single one of his bones.

Needless to say, seeing this utterly shocking and horrendous mockery of an electoral speaking event had deeply scarred pretty much every member of its audience (in other words, basically EVERYONE) for life, from Sans and his adorably innocent brother to Asgore and his intimidatingly badass wife.

More importantly, however, it had taken quite a good deal out of them to say the least; it had COMPLETELY taken away their faith in both humanity and monsterkind alike, it had taken away several of their lunches all over SEVERAL of their mobile-device screens from how absolutely disgusting and revolting the inner part of it truly was, it had taken away both of the main presidential candidates' brain virginity (seriously, what a bunch of dirty fucking dykes), it had pretty much entirely taken away their will to not pathetically throw themselves out onto the road in broad daylight and purposefully get themselves hit by a goddamned bus...and worst of all, it had even given several of the anonymous background women in the audience VAGINAL YEAST!

APPROXIMATELY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF A FURIOUSLY ANGRY MOB CHASING BRATTY, CATTY, ALPHYS AND UNDYNE ALL OVER THE CITY LIKE GHOSTS CHASING PAC-MAN LATER...

"Alright, we've FINALLY got 'em! Now what should we do with 'em first?" Burgerpants cackled evilly with satisfaction, rubbing his hands together maliciously like a fly and thrusting his disproportionately large and bulging pelvis suggestively as he and the huge surrounding crowd that he was now a part of stood at the entrance to the city's tallest and most famous skyscraper, the Royal King State Building, and proudly admired Asgore's beautiful work as well as his outright diabolical and dastardly plan; surely enough, using the shrink ray that he had just recently confiscated from Alphys' grubby hands, he had managed to not only lock her, Undyne, Bratty and Catty together into one great big terminal-velocity-impact-triggered prison cage of death (and ball-gag them, and even freaking tie them up just for overkill-induced shits and giggles), but also shrink the whole damned thing small enough to fit into the very palms of his hands!

"Isn't it obvious, my friend?" Asgore chuckled grimly, his facial expression suddenly turning cold-dead-serious in true Sans fashion and adopting the voice tone of Vin Diesel playing the role of Darth Vader as he and his 20-something-man legion of mostly sexist, bigoted twats eagerly followed him through the revolving front door and filed themselves into the main lobby, where they then immediately proceeded to forcefully stuff themselves together into the main central elevator.

"Asgore, did I ever tell you...the definition...of insanity?" Burgerpants asked Asgore curiously as the tangled mass of monsters inside the elevator (which had obviously been set to go straight up to the roof, for even more obvious reasons) struggled desperately to even BREATHE, let alone move or speak.

"Insanity...is...doing the EXACT...same fucking shit...OVER AND OVER again...expecting...shit to change...that...is...crazy." Burgerpants creepily explained to Asgore as the elevator traveled its way up to the top floor of a building at a speed so goddamned slow that it could only be described as "ridiculously".

"And, you know...the first time...Gaster told me that...I dunno, I thought he was bullshitting me, so SHOVE...I pushed him into the Hotland core, and the resulting chemical explosion, as it turns out, is actually EXACTLY what caused my fucking face to look as comically hideous as it does now, much to my eternal, neverending rage!" Burgerpants explained while Alphys (as well as all three of the other prisoners, but most especially her) trembled and sweated uneasily in her cage.

"But, you know...as it turns out...well, HE WAS RIGHT...and you know, everywhere I look, there's all these fucking pricks just like YOU, Asgore, doing the exact same FUCKING thing OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, thinking THIS time, shit's gonna be different!" Burgerpants explained with growing anger in his voice, causing the poor little captives in Asgore's cage to tremble so intensely with fear that it literally caused the whole damn thing to audibly shake and rattle in his hands as Burgerpants began to develop terrifyingly murderous intent.

"Oh NO NO NO, Mister Asgore, PLEASE understand; this time, now that I have officially reset the fucking timeline for at least the quad-ZILLIONTH fucking time in the past goddamned WEEK, I, like, totally PROMISE you and stuff that I'll never, LIKE, horribly fuck up this FUCKING COUNTRY and junk again! Oh yeah, SURE, so fucking BELIEVABLE, ISN'T IT?!" Burgerpants growled spitefully through clenched teeth at Asgore, his anger less-than-steadily growing by the second as he forcefully, personal-space-invadingly pressed his face right up against his.

"Look, I'm sorry to have to say this, but I REALLY do not like the way...you are LOOKING at me! Do you have a fucking shrunken little SHIT in your head, do you think I am bullshitting you, do you think I am lying?! FUCK YOU, OKAY?! FUCK YOU!" Burgerpants suddenly began shouting furiously at Asgore, spitting angrily all over his face and rabidly foaming at the mouth like a mentally diseased raccoon.

"But despite all that...you know what? It's okay, man. I'm gonna chill, hermano, I'm gonna chill..." Burgerpants sighed with disturbingly abrupt sudden relief as he inexplicably shrunk his head to a ridiculously small size through natural bodily means and extended his also-magically-shrunken neck and left arm all the way through Asgore's left ear canal into his brain and hacked his way through the security protocols into his Asgore X Toriel pornography databanks.

"You see, the thing is...the thing is, I fucked you once already...and I mean, and it's not like I'm fucking crazy or anything...it's okay...it's like water under the bridge, am I right?" Burgerpants cackled grimly as he used his comically, disproportionately enlarged right arm to masturbate himself to the point of climax and effectively splodge all fucking over Asgore's beautiful face while the four girls trapped in his cage all began hysterically laughing and giggling with delight.

## HBACSAPS Part 6

### HBACSAPS: Part 6

"Did I ever tell you the definition of insanity?" Burgerpants asked Asgore yet again as the elevator finally reached its ultimate destination at the very top of the massively tall Royal King State Building, causing both him and all of the other passengers alike to tumble out into a miserable little pile of poorly-hidden secrets and embarrassingly monster-uncharacteristic vanity.

"For fuck's sake, Burgerpants, YES, you literally JUST told me, like, TWO FUCKING MINUTES AGO FOR GOD'S SAKE! Can you PLEASE just let us have some goddamned fun for once? For freaking ONCE?!" Asgore angrily yelled at him in frustration as Burgerpants licked his own delicious pre-ejaculated feline sperm right off of the utterly humiliated king's big...fluffy...FACE with his impossibly long, slender and dextrous cat tongue.

"Burgerpants, don't make me freaking use this stupid infernal device on YOU and then SQUASH you to goopy, slimy bits underneath my massive royal foot!" Asgore growled through clenched teeth at Burgerpants (who then lovingly moaned and purred like a kitten and wagged his tail with intensely aroused delight at the mere thought of such a thing happening to him, causing the poor king to groan and roll his eyes immensely in response) as he set the girls' cage down onto the roof, aimed his royal, totally-not-confiscated shrink ray directly at it with the main function set to REVERSE, and fired it at will, effectively growing the cage that the poor girls were trapped in all the way back to normal size and causing Burgerpants (as well as most of the surrounding audience members) to flinch in surprise like a total overdramatic ponce.

"Oh, forget it, let's just get this shit over with already..." Burgerpants sighed, leaning forward and dejectedly moping his way over to the cage so that he and Asgore could effectively work together to push the upright cage all the way off the very edge of the Royal King State Building and send no less than FOUR utterly adorable and helpless girls plummeting somewhere around 777 feet to their certain doom without even the slightest shred of human empathy or remorse...while everyone else just stood by and watched it happen, of course!

But then all of a sudden, at just about the LEAST expected possible moment, right when the cage was already almost halfway there, the ultimate moment of truth FINALLY hit Asgore like a sack of bricks shaped like Tem; as he took a closer look at the girls' twinkly-eyed, chubby-cheeked, helplessly crying and whimpering facial expressions, he began to realize that these girls actually WERE, in fact, literally too freaking adorable for him to even HALFWAY be able to fully bring himself to do something so utterly despicable, horrifying and cruel to them!

"Now WAIT just a foot-licking, nose-picking, brain-fucking, tit-sucking MINUTE, young man; what in the unholy HELL do you think you're doing to these lovable little lesbian wives?!" Asgore scolded Burgerpants disgustedly, shoving Burgerpants off to the side and running over to the opposite side of the cage (with his back now directly facing the edge of the building, of course) in a truly amazingly desperate last-ditch attempt to save the poor lasses' lives.

"Oh, for crying out loud, just come OFF it already, old man! If you HONESTLY THINK that these girls would want someone like YOU when they have someone like ME to look forward to in their boring-ass stinking afterlives, then for all I fucking care, you and the fucking prissy little brats can just up and die TOGETHER!" Burgerpants laughed snidely at Asgore as no less than literally the entire group of exactly fifteen 20-something men behind him joined him in an attempt to push both the absolutely fucking pathetic joke of a ruler AND his infuriatingly pampered little pedo toys right off the edge of the building together, effectively erasing their repulsively obnoxious

existences forever.

But wouldn't you know it, Asgore still didn't give up! Some say it was simply out of incredibly strong-willed desire to successfully perform his life-saving duty and finally receive his already-long-due pay; however, on the contrary, most others say that the goat king's already surprisingly big heart grew three sizes that day!

"YOU! SHALL NOT! PASS!" Asgore bellowed at the top of his lungs, his booming voice echoing across the entire majestic skyline of the phenomenally massive city as he gained the strength of ten Asgores, shoved Burgerpants and his goons right up against the jutting-out top part of the main elevator shaft and then vertically karate-chopped the entire cage in half.

"So, any famous last words before I lazily stand back and let my minions do everything for me for no apparent reason other than that this scene wouldn't be nearly as entertaining if I didn't?" Asgore ripped the girls' ball gags right off, crossed his burly muscular arms behind his sexy muscular body and smugly asked as he brutally tore the girls' ropes apart with his bare hands while the thugs' jaws dropped to the floor in a mixture of profoundly speechless utter amazement, sexual confusion and general bewilderment.

"Um...we are now officially fucked in an even more perplexingly vast assortment of different ways than Alphys having a tentacle hentai orgy with the Amalgamates?" Burgerpants nervously stammered and gulped, his suddenly-piss-dripping legs quivering in comedically exaggerated cowardice while all three of the other girls glared disgustedly at Alphys, who hung her head and blushed shamefully in memory of all of her infamously hot lizard-on-eldritch-abomination rape dates.

"Eh, good enough, I suppose..." Asgore shrugged, taking a long, deep breath and reverting himself back to his normal size as the girls lunged onto the boys and mauled the ever-loving bejeezus out of every single one of them.

"WOO! Better than pro wrestling!" Asgore kicked back in his lawn chair, got out a nearly empty bucket of magic popcorn and cheered the little psychopaths right on as blood and gory bits of men's bodies promptly began flying all over the place in all different directions.

"Um...heh heh...s-see you later, alligator, OH MY GOD!" Nice Cream Guy chuckled awkwardly, tugged at his shirt collar and stammered in helpless terror as Bratty opened her cavity-ridden, rotten-toothed alligator mouth as wide as it could possibly go and then proceeded to viciously snap his head right off of his otherwise still-incredibly-gorgeous muscular blue bod.

"Mmm, tastes like CHICKEN!" Bratty chuckled triumphantly, chewing up the head, swallowing it and patting her belly with a rudely loud burp while Catty lovingly lapped up the gushing fountain of blood that had just recently begun spurting from his neck-stump.

"SHISH KEBAB, BITCHES!" Undyne laughed as she skewered no less than thirteen men on her seemingly-infinitely extendable magic spear, set it on fire with her magic pocket lighter and then unceremoniously threw it right off the edge of the building, cupping her hand over her ear-fin so that she could hear the delightful sound of them screaming.

"WHAAAAAT?! HOWWWWW?! WHYYYYYYY?!" Burgerpants kneeled down onto the floor, clutched his head tightly and shrieked at the tops of his smoke-congested lungs in simply unimaginable agony for seemingly no apparent reason as blood violently, horrifyingly leaked in copious amounts from his each and every major head-dwelling sense pore.

"HA! That's what you get for locking me in that fucking cage and then trying to fucking SNIFF me

up your goddamned NOSE, asshole!" Alphys laughed coldly as she crawled right back out from Burgerpants' shiny and beady little nose, licking a positively nauseating and outright horrific amount of freshly caked blood and brain tissue from her lips and patting her loudly rumbling belly; clearly, the amount of crazy shit that she had just recently put herself through had already more than substantially taken its obligatory mental health toll.

"Alright, Asgore, are you, like, ready to go back downstairs and stuff so that we can finally, like, get all this presidential election nonsense out of the way and junk?" Catty asked Asgore curiously, lovingly and tightly wrapping her pudgy arms around the adorably fulffy yet masculine hunk.

"Yeah, I'm more interested in makeup than I am in leadership, honestly...anyway, how is your sex life?" Bratty teased Asgore as him and the girls went back into the main central elevator, with Asgore blushing intensely out of sheer humiliation for his drastic-fuck-up-resulting lack of a wife.

TEN MINUTES LATER (FIVE MINUTES OF SCREAMING NOTWITHSTANDING) LATER, ALL THE WAY BACK DOWN ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE MASSIVE ROYAL KING STATE BUILDING...

"Well, I sure hope his online dating partners were necrophiles!" Alphys laughed maniacally, strolling nonchalantly out the elevator that now evidently contained Asgore's brutally mangled and disfigured corpse and whistling innocently without even a care in the world (just like what all three of her sidekicks were also doing) as she popped one of Asgore's violently-ripped-out eyeballs into her mouth like a gumball and used its optic-nerve tentacle as a floss cord.

"Boy, you sure can say THAT again!" Undyne laughed, eating Asgore's disembodied and bloodily skewered heart, lungs and liver right off of her conveniently heat-generating magic spear while Bratty and Catty did the classic Lady And The Tramp spaghetti tangle...using disembodied and crudely split-apart segments of Asgore's juicy, slimy, (obviously) shitty intestines.

"So, like, where do you guys wanna go now and stuff?" Bratty and Catty both asked Alphys and Undyne in unison as they adorably untied their lovingly made knot and slurped Asgore's intestines right down like tender delicious hot dogs...presumably in a literally disgustingly try-hard attempt to make themselves look tough.

"Isn't it already obvious by now? You just freaking TOLD me for God's sake!" Alphys laughed as she pushed her way through the front (revolving) door, with her "friends" following along dutifully behind her and totally not making her want to LITERALLY hit them right over their stupid peabrain heads with a rake.

"Yeah, come on, let's go back to the White House and get you guys president so that our proud and beloved nation will never have to deal with stupid redcoat bullshit like monarchy EVER again! Who's with me?!" Undyne laughed maniacally as all three of her new best friends excitedly high-fived her with glee.

"Oh, how I yearn for death's sweet, SWEET embrace..." Asgore's corpse metaphorically thought to itself as numerous almost-symbolically tear-resembling droplets of the girls' semen began leaking from his otherwise thoroughly emptied-out eyesockets.

ONE POCKET-DEVICE-GENERATED SHOWER COURTEOUSY OF ALPHYS LATER, BACK AT THE VERY RECENTLY REBUILT PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION SPEAKING STAGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE...

"Greetings, like, fellow Underground comrades and stuff!" Catty cheerfully greeted her extremely unamused and quite frankly worried audience while Alphys and Undyne once again served as

bodyguards for her and Bratty, only this time they were required to stand in places where the audience could actually see them...for reasons that were hopefully even more cloyingly obvious than Alphys' and Undyne's facial expressions in pokers whenever and wherever they made bluffs.

"As you hopefully, like, very well know and stuff by now, my opponent is a liar and a total, like, fraud and junk and cannot even be trusted to, like, wash her own reeking, hairy ass and junk in the shower." Catty explained somewhat jokingly to the audience while Bratty seethed lividly with pent-up rage, eager to prove once and for all that (if nothing else) she was "NOT" a coward.

"Worse yet, however, MY opponent is a fat, bloated, scheming sack of lies that actually thought, last time I asked her, that the Pentagon building was, like, literally a freaking HEXAGON!" Bratty sharply bit back, her anger steadily growing as she just BARELY resisted the overpowering urge to kick Catty right in the nutsack.

"My opponent is a smug, conniving, immature, needlessly bossy and, like, totally comedically incompetent sociopath whose only real, like, PLAN and stuff for our country, that is IF she even, like, freaking HAS one in the first place, which I honestly don't even think she does, is...well, on second thought, I suppose it really IS just to make herself, like, totals assloads of money and junk after all, what do you know?!" Catty laughed and sobbed maniacally, burying her head exhaustedly and sorrowfully in her hands while Bratty followed through with a statement that made it seem as if she had several DICKS lodged in her frontal lobe.

"Man, like, seriously, FUCK the police! FUCK society! FUCK politics! FUCK economy! And most importantly of all, FUCK YOU, you stupid brainwashed turd!" Bratty snapped furiously at Catty, pointing her index finger condemningly at her.

"Well, what the hell did I ever do to YOU, fuckface?!" Catty frustratedly yelled right back at Bratty, desperately praying to God that Bratty wouldn't bring up the topics of genders, religion and/or race.

"You're a selfish, bigoted, egotistical prick who apparently, like, think's she's fucking smarter than everyone else or some shit just because SHE was able to fucking CHEAT her way into Congress!" Bratty spat disgustedly at Catty, proving herself yet again to be the absolute queen of hypocrites.

"Well, at least MY mother didn't make her living on her BREASTS, you goddamned greedy sack of lust!" Catty retorted viciously, causing Bratty to flinch backward and growl angrily in disgust.

"Alright, you know what? After hearing you make THAT remark, I've officially decided, in the name of national justice and goodwill, that this world is absolutely nothing more than a fucking sick, unfunny joke that stopped being funny a long time ago." Bratty cackled ominously into her microphone.

"Therefore, I'm going to do the exact same thing I do to EVERY bad and worn-out punchline; RIP TO FUCKING SHREDS!" Bratty laughed and cried dementedly as she whipped out her cell phone, called her nuclear weapons and Air Force managers and ordered them to effectively nuke and airstrike the entire Underground to smithereens...and at that exact moment, everyone suddenly realized that both they and their precious little world alike were completely and utterly dead.

And thus, Alphys and Undyne just stood there with their eyes wide open and their jaws agape in a disbelieving, political-shock-induced stupor, having just witnessed probably the single worst and most shameful moment in both human AND monster history combined since the fall of Lucifer.

And again, just like the audience, they were so utterly taken aback and completely rendered at a loss for words that all they could do was just merely STAND there, with their (mostly) bare feet



ice-cold on the wintry concrete pavement, puzzling to themselves about the simply astonishing number of fundamental things about being president that Bratty clearly STILL hadn't learned.

And as her audience just stood there, puzzling and puzzling until their puzzlers were sore, Bratty just stood there and maliciously laughed, her edgy teenage angst growing more and more.

"Bratty, just STOP!" Catty yelled desperately at Bratty, running across the stage to her booth, grabbing her by her suit collar and shaking her violently in absolute utter revulsion at the mere thought that she could even POSSIBLY be this insufferably evil, rotten and dense. "None, I repeat, NONE of this stupid fucking horseshit you're doing right now makes ANY sense!"

"Heh heh heh...DESTRUCTION of political ideals isn't supposed to make SENSE! Why, it's only FUN when it's SENSELESS, silly!" Bratty laughed and sobbed grimly, her entire body trembling nervously.

"Why even bother to elect actually GOOD presidents when they will only be assassinated anyways? WHY cling to religious ideals, KNOWING how fucking batshit insane they are?" Bratty coldly monologued, questioning the true motivations of the audience in a surprisingly, unusually deep manner.

"As fellow citizens of America, I mean the Underground, we live to protect what we hold DEAR!" Undyne desperately pleaded for Bratty to understand, gently and lovingly petting her adorably chubby (and INCREASINGLY fucked-in-the-head, amazingly enough) little pet girlfriend Alphys just to set an example of what she was talking about while Bratty just turned tail at her and shook her rear.

"If you would actually take a fucking second to THINK about how amazingly big of a role our social cooperation amongst ourselves plays in this wonderfully fucked-up and degenerate society of others, then perhaps, just MAYBE, you could find the meaning on your OWN!" Alphys knelt down onto the floor and cried hysterically, begging like a dog for Bratty to finally show some proper, humane respect for the wonderfully weird and often beautifully disturbing world that she roamed.

"HA! Meaning schmeaning! The whole underworld's going bye-bye, YOU INCLUDED!" Bratty laughed insanely as the whole audience simply continued gawking in utter confusion and amazement.

"KNIFE...MEMES...POPE...where do they come from, and where do they go...NONE of that junk is enough to fulfill your FETISHES!" Bratty sobbed in an unexpectedly calm demeanor before suddenly completely losing her shit all over again and yelling loudly at the tops of her lungs with her fists held skyward in an incredibly melodramatic pose of disapproval at how truly deeply fucked-up modern society really was while her local airstrike team of Temmies rapidly closed in as several audience members' pants were already beginning to find themselves thoroughly filled with piss.

"Destruction...DESTRUCTION is what makes LIFE worth LIVING! Destroy, destroy, destroy...LET'S DESTROY EVERYTHING!" Bratty screamed at the tops of her ever-loving lungs in a fit of maniacal, twisted laughter as her airstrike team began violently bombing almost every single building around her to smithereens while the 1812 Overture handsomely ripped through the background...and surely enough, wouldn't you know it, the sick fuck got sniped right in the forehead by what was presumably a terrorist masquerading as one of her own troops...or something.

"I just don't freaking BELIEVE it, Undy!" Alphys gasped in utter shock as she and Undyne tightly

huddled up against each other and teeth-chatteringly trembled in hopeless terror while Catty pulled her comically baggy pants down and hatefully pissed all over her former beloved girlfriend's body.

"It...it came without the provocation of foreign nations by Trump! It came without bigotry, sexism and racism! It came without dictatorship! It came without gun control arguments! WHY, IT EVEN CAME WITHOUT MILITARY PACKAGES, BOXES OR BAGS!" Alphys stammered anxiously in disbelief while the surrounding civilians ran to and fro, screaming their pretty little heads off and lovingly cradling their precious, most-likely-right-about-to-die little babs.

"Hell, for all WE know, perhaps World War III wasn't SUPPOSED to stem from the petty, childish musings of a degenerate spoiled whore; perhaps God intended it to mean a little bit MORE!" Undyne gasped in amazement as she suddenly realized, in one of the most brilliant eureka moments of her entire life, exactly what Bratty and Alphys had been saying all this shit for.

Surely enough, as fate would have it, Alphys and Undyne HADN'T stopped World War III from coming after all; surely enough, despite all of their (often vulgarly and disgustingly) desperate attempts to stop it, it came just the same! And it was at that moment that the real truth finally stood tall...

"For fuck's sake, don't you GET it, Undyne?!" Alphys laughed insanely at Undyne while literally everything in the entire already-dystopian urban society around them burned and collapsed to the ground like a stack of satirical dominos, tragically producing numerous, strewn-all-over-the-place, disgustingly innocent corpses upon which the local vermin promptly began to dine.

"We WON, Undyne! Despite everything, we freaking WAH-HAH-HAH-HAHN!" Alphys collapsed onto the smoldering, war-torn ground in a tragically insane fit of hysterical laughter and crying, pounding her fists and feet on the pavement while Undyne herself also began hysterically laughing and crying.

"Shh, don't worry, baby, it'll all be perfectly fine, WON'T IT?! WE TOTALLY DIDN'T HORRIFICALLY FUCK EVERY POSSIBLE THING UP AND EFFECTIVELY BLOW THE ENTIRE FUCKING UNDERGROUND TO KINGDOM COME, RIGHT?! OH NO, IT'S OKAY, WE DIDN'T FUCKING DO ANYTHING WRONG, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO AHEAD AND FUCKING FEEL SORRY FOR US WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?!" Undyne screamed and laughed and cried pitifully as she and Alphys lovingly cuddled each other and hopelessly writhed about on the ground together while the whole world around them went completely and utterly to almost-literal shit.

Last but not least, just as the first of Bratty's recently ordered nuclear strikes was readying itself to come down on top of New Home City with the force of a thousand suns, she...SHE HERSELF...the badass weeaboo scientist lizard injected both herself and the butch-lesbian fish warrior alike with determination, effectively melting the two of them together into a freakish eldritch abomination!

In conclusion, once there were a badass weeaboo scientist lizard and a butch-lesbian fish warrior that injected themselves with what could only be described as the Underground equivalent to heroin-induced suicide, and then they melted together into a freakishly disgusting, horrifically failed bio-fusion of themselves, and it was so ugly that everyone died.

"TOGETHER FOREVER..." the literally invincible Alphdyne moaned in despair, struggling to even keep its goopy, melty self together in the first place as the entire world around it was completely reduced into literal nothingness. "AND EVER...AND EVER...AND FUCKING EVER..."

The End.

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